Week ending December 1 1956 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

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NO NAME ON THE DOOR: The fabulous story of the man who made and lost millions

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smartest you ever set foot in!

Ease into the new all-nylon socks, see and feel the difference!
They stretch to give smooth, snug fit from top to toe—whatever size your foot.
Full soft texture, warmth without fug—never such free-and-easy walking in your life.
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JOHN BULL

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TEMPLE BAR 2468 DECEMBER 1, 1956 VOLUME 100 NUMBER 2631

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Harry Zelinski prefers music while he paints

HARRY ZELINSKI once crewed a boat that came third in a race at Burnham-on-Crouch, but he doesn't even remember what sort of boat it was. So when he was asked to illustrate the serial *Angel's Ransom*, whose heroine is a luxury yacht, he drove down from his home at Lewes, Sussex, to Newhaven Harbour to look at the vessels there. "They told me," he says, "that a genuine millionaire's yacht had sailed away just before I got there."

A ruddy-faced, relaxed man of thirty-four, Zelinski lives and works in an attractive Georgian house at Lewes. Our current serial —this week's instalment begins on page 18—arrived at just the wrong time for him. "I'm naturally lazy," he says, "particularly in the autumn." He doesn't mind working on fine summer days, but at this time of the year he would rather relax in an armchair with a pile of records ("good ones—no rubbish") for his gramophone. While he is working there is always music in the background—"either Bach or Eartha Kitt." He likes to spend a lot of time on his distinctive JOHN BULL paintings with their exotic use of flat, rich colour.

A wartime pilot, Zelinski met his wife Mary when they were both serving in the air force. She and their daughters—Diana, who is ten, and Pauline, two years younger—are appreciative critics of his paintings, "but they never get in the way."

As an artist, Zelinski can work when and where he wants to—and that, more than anything else, makes him happy to be a painter. He has no great sympathy for art for art's sake. "If I really had something vital to say to the world, I should like to be able to say it with music."

WHEN staff-writer Don Everitt was planning to visit the Great Glen cattle ranch for his article on page 22, he half-expected to enter a rip-roaring world of Hopalong Cassidy and Wyatt Earp. He found plenty of cowpunchers, horses and cattle—but no guns, Stetsons or spurs.

The Scottish cowboys do not lasso and brand their cattle. Rancher Joseph Hobbs told Everitt that they prefer to use sheepdogs and ear-punches because they cause less harm to the young cattle. "They are less wearing on the cowhands, too," says Everitt. "American ranchers who saw dogs helping to herd the cattle were so impressed that they bought several of the dogs and now use them successfully in the U.S.A."

Peter Keen, who took the photographs for Everitt's article, borrowed a horse to cover the rolling miles of the Great Glen range. He was perfectly at home on horseback, for he ran a riding school before becoming a photographer. He was so taken with the life at Great Glen that he spent an extra day there—working as a cowboy.

THE proprietors of 'Ovaltine' are continually receiving unsolicited tributes to the properties of 'Ovaltine'. The three letters published here are recent examples of the many thousands of letters received from men and women in every walk of life.

The Girl from Australia

Mrs. L—— writes:

"My daughter of 2½ years is a beautiful child with honey-blonde curls and large dark golden eyes, thickly lashed. She is loved by everyone, and her staple diet is 'Ovaltine.' She regularly drinks three large cups per day and, when it's hot, five and sometimes six, and hardly touches anything else. My grocer is always asking—'Whatever do you do with all this 'Ovaltine'?'

This time last year we came back home from Australia—Ailsa was born out there—and the voyage nearly killed the little one. The heat being too much for her, she wouldn't eat and lost 10 lbs., which at the age of 15 months is grim. She was very much under the weather when we arrived home and would only drink 'Ovaltine', and everyone here remarks on the change in her whilst we have been here."

The 'do-it-yourself Household

Mrs. A—— writes:

"I felt I had to write to let you know how much I appreciate your product, 'Ovaltine'. Recently my husband and I moved into our first house. My husband was at the time attempting to build up a small business, working very long hours, and I myself had to clean the house out, etc., after doing a hard day's work as a secretary.

In what spare time we had, we had to paint the exterior of the house and parts of the interior within three months of buying the house (this was a rule laid down by our Building Society). As a result of all this we were both extremely 'run down' and tired, but found that we couldn't sleep. However, one of the girls in my office recommended 'Ovaltine', either hot or cold, so I decided to try it.

Since then my husband and I have regained our vitality and now even find time for our favourite but energetic hobby of tennis, and also the business seems to be picking up quite considerably. We can now look forward to a good night's sleep after a hard but stimulating working day. Once again may I thank you for putting 'Ovaltine' on the market so that we may all derive the benefits of this nutritious beverage."

The 93RD Birthday

Miss S—— writes:

"My very elderly Mother is most anxious that I write and send you her praises of your really wonderful beverage, 'Ovaltine', which she has appreciated for years, ever since it was first recommended to her. She tells all her friends, young and old, how she enjoys it and what refreshing sleep it gives her. She hopes to celebrate her 93rd birthday soon, and I know her eyes will sparkle when I give her a nice large tin of your world famous product which I have bought for the occasion. 'Ovaltine' will be displayed prominently among her other birthday presents."

Countless thousands of men, women and children, all over the world, drink delicious 'Ovaltine' regularly every day. You, too, will benefit from 'Ovaltine'. But remember, there is only *one* 'Ovaltine'. It stands in a class by itself.

Drink delicious

OVALTINE

THE *Vitamin-fortified* FOOD BEVERAGE

1/6, 2/9 and 5/- per tin.

P.9a

"Tell me, Miss Charisse

... WHAT DOES A BUSY, POPULAR STAR LIKE YOU GIVE HER FRIENDS AT CHRISTMAS ?"

"Now isn't it funny you should ask that — because I think I'm really rather good at Christmas presents."

"Mmm ?"

"For the right touch for my friends' personal tastes, and the right price for my Christmas budget — I can tell you, Ronsons are my favourite choice, time and again."

"Really ? Why Ronsons specially ?"

"It's not hard to explain that! There are so many styles and designs and finishes! Why I can be looking for something for a rugged outdoor man or a delicately feminine woman — something terribly modern, or graceful and traditional — and every time Ronson has it. Besides, Ronsons are so beautiful *— beautifully made, too. And they work perfectly — practically forever."*

" Why, Miss Charisse, I do believe you're a real Ronson fan!"

"You bet I am! I've got several on this year's Christmas list already."

CYD CHARISSE
— co-starring in M.G.M.'s.
"VIVA LAS VEGAS"
(In CinemaScope & Colour)

★ ★ ★

Choose here!

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RONSON CADET ADONIS
An entirely new lighter with a brilliant new action and the new pull-apart design for easy filling. A splendid gift at only 28/6.

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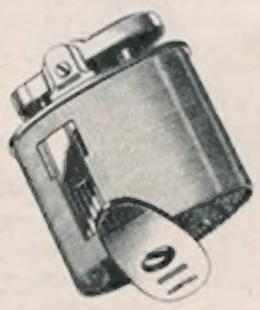
RONSON WEDGWOOD
Beautiful blue and white Jasper ware with the faultless Ronson lighting action. Models from 3 gns.



RONSON TRIUMPH
The new quick-fill Swivel Base lighter. Three beautiful finishes. From 35/-.

Give a

RONSON *WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER*

RONSON PURAFILT The handsome Ronson cigarette holder. Variety of finishes from 18/3.

Free Speech

- **Christmas will remind them of home**
- **Is there a catch in cheap fish ?**
- **There's plenty of oil under Scotland**

WITH a twinge of regret my children have suddenly realized that they have seen their last Guy Fawkes Day. In a few weeks' time we are all emigrating to Canada, and we shall find a whole new range of public festivals and public holidays.

Among the celebrations such as Dominion Day, Thanksgiving Day and Hallowe'en (which we have almost forgotten here), only Christmas will remind us of England. The Canadians seem to use hardly any holly, preferring evergreens and a "wreath" on the front door in the American style.

But the children will still be able to expect Santa Claus, and together we shall enjoy the traditional turkey and Christmas pudding. And we can be sure of one thing—plenty of snow. —J. P. W., Somerset.

Standing Room Only

It is quite usual on long-distance trains to see people standing in the corridors and in the small vestibules by the doors at opposite ends of the carriages.

Wouldn't it be possible to put some small folding seats—sprung so as to fold back against the wall when not in use—at intervals along the corridors? — B. CAMPBELL, Hither Green Lane, Lewisham, London, S.E.13.

"We have considered this idea," say British Railways, "but these seats would only cause more overcrowding. They would also impede the passage of those wanting to move along the corridors."

Vintage Loaves

Many manufacturers already date-stamp wrapped bread ("Free Speech," November 10) for their own convenience. The firm for which I work always marks the date in code on the wrapper and takes extensive precautions to see that the bread is fresh when it is sold.

Despite this, many customers return stale bread "bought yesterday," when the code shows the loaf to be perhaps more than a week old. And one customer, complaining that a loaf tasted musty, assured me that he had kept it in an airtight tin for several days.—P. ALLEN, Felix Road, West Ealing.

Cheaper Still ?

The fish industry is always telling housewives how cheap fish is. This may be true, but fish certainly costs

the housewife far more than it need do, because I am certain that the supply is kept down.

If a trawler catches more than an agreed amount of fish and sells the surplus for human consumption instead of sending it to be made into fish meal, the owner has to pay a fine, levied by the trawler owners' association.—D. G., Grimsby, Lincolnshire.

"Each trawler has a quota of fish which is governed by the amount which it can bring back in good condition," says the British Trawlers' Federation. "It is assumed—and it has been proved—that any over this quota would be in bad condition. There is no fine: since the crews share in the vessels' earnings, they don't get any money for the fish they catch and sell over the quota."

Replacement Please

When one of my children loses a milk tooth, the tooth is carried around until bedtime. Then it is placed under the pillow with the firm conviction that the fairies will leave a sixpence in place of it.

I was born, and spent my childhood, in the north of England, and if

ever I lost a tooth I was told to sprinkle it with salt, throw it into the fire and say: "Please, God, send me another"—a much cleaner, cheaper custom.—MRS. M. E. GREEN, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

No Surprise

As soon as Premium Bonds came on sale I went to the post office and tried to buy £5 worth of bonds as a surprise gift for my son, who is doing his National Service in the Middle East.

I was most disappointed when told that I couldn't buy these bonds for another person, as the prospective owner of the bonds has to be present to sign his own name.—MRS. E. C., Woolwich, London.

"Premium Bonds are not transferrable and can only be held by individuals," says the G.P.O. "But although bonds themselves cannot be given as gifts, special gift tokens can be bought and exchanged for bonds by the recipient."

Untapped Oil

There are enormous reserves of minerals lying neglected in Britain—particularly in Scotland—which could be converted economically into liquid fuel by modern methods of distillation. It has been estimated that there are at least 100 million tons of rich oil-bearing material in Scotland alone, much of which would yield at least forty gallons of crude oil to the ton.

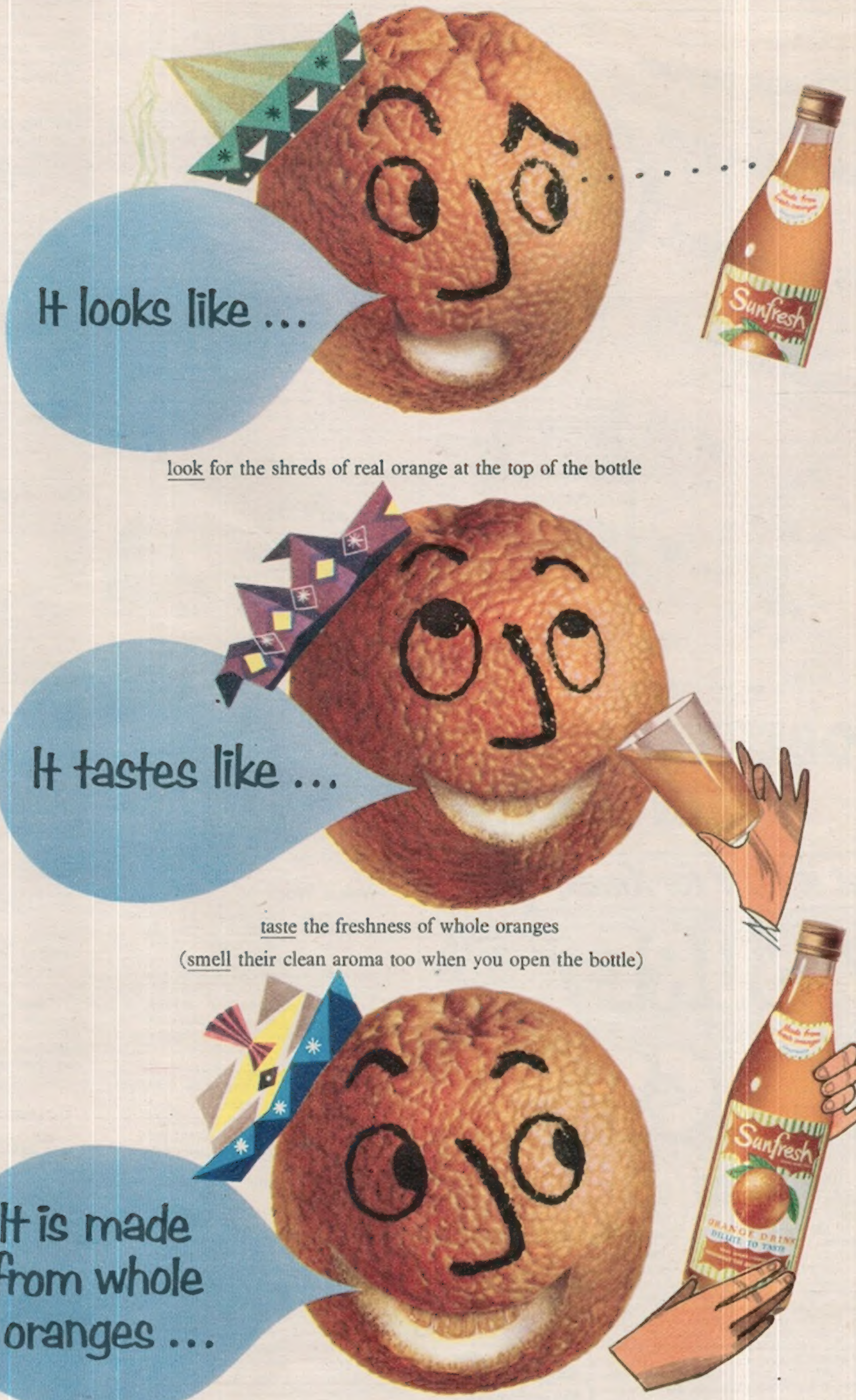
The crisis in the Middle East, which may seriously disorganize our oil supplies, makes me wonder why there is so much delay in developing our own oil resources. For fifty years the authorities have been toying with the idea.

Our oil policy seems to be on the lines of what suits the big oil groups. The production of home-manufactured industrial fuel oil is not encouraged, no matter how well we are placed to develop our resources so wilfully despised.—H. J. HOLFORD (Petroleum technologist and engineer), Hertford.

Daytime Substitute

In the R.A.F. during the war we had to practise night convoy work ("Free Speech," November 10). The first

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6


It looks like ...
look for the shreds of real orange at the top of the bottle
It tastes like ...
taste the freshness of whole oranges
(smell their clean aroma too when you open the bottle)
It is made from whole oranges ...
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ORANGE DRINK
DILUTE TO TASTE

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Sunfresh News! *Try delicious* SUNFRESH LEMON TONIC WATER—*the tonic with the lemon in it.*

Hurry! Get it NOW for Xmas!
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(Derek McCulloch, O.B.E., of CHILDREN'S HOUR FAME) says: "Sets better standard of wholesome fun and adventure. Ideal gift for modern children"
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and many others

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

few runs were made in broad daylight, and darkness was simulated by the wearing of extremely dark goggles. The results were very realistic.—H. C. WILLIAMS, Chichester.

"The Services did what they could to reproduce night conditions," says a doctor. "But as far as the physiology of the eye is concerned—and, even more so, the speed of reaction of brain, hand and foot—there is no substitute for experience, under supervision, of real night driving with all its difficulties."

Guilty Conscience?

I know that British justice is fair in that it gives an accused man every chance to put his case, but what about the lawyer who may have to defend him? What are his feelings when he is required to defend a man whom he knows or suspects to be

guilty? And what a tortured conscience he must have if his client gets off!—M. J., Brighton, Sussex.

"It is no business of the advocate to judge his client," says a lawyer. "If he could refuse to defend a man because he suspected he was guilty, many innocent men would be deprived of legal help.

"Even an accused man sometimes thinks he is guilty of the offence charged, when what he has done is not an offence at all. The jury alone must decide guilt or innocence, not the advocate."

Team Work

I am told that House of Commons debates are reported for Hansard by a team of shorthand writers, who each take turns. Isn't this placing a little too much faith in human nature, especially in debates, where so much can turn on a phrase? I think it is time they came up to date and used tape recorders for transcriptions of speeches.—B. G., Basingstoke, Hants.

"Tape recorders have been considered, but the snag is the possibility of their breaking down," says a Hansard spokesman. "Two men are always on duty. During debates one takes notes and the other stands by, but during questions both take notes."

Taking No Chances

You don't have to have a bad character to be barred from entering the Dominions or Colonies ("Free Speech," November 3). Twice in the past year I have been refused permission to go to Canada because I have a slight ecar on one lung. My local chest consultant tells me that it is very slight indeed and of no consequence whatever.—T. T., Burnley, Lancashire.

"There is very little tuberculosis in Canada," says the Canadian Government. "Every effort is made to keep it down, even to the extent of trying to persuade active cases to enter sanatoria. No charge is made for treatment.

"As a safeguard, no person with the slightest suspicion of tuberculosis is allowed to immigrate."

Out-of-date Kitchens

I, too, am surprised by the number of accidents that can occur about the house ("Free Speech," November 10). I worked in an office for five years without an accident, but when my wife was ill and I worked at home, I had a dozen small ones.

This was partly due to lack of experience, but chiefly to the fact that so many tasks have to be done in a small space, and are interrupted continually by callers.

A few time and motion engineers should get to work designing kitchens and make them standard in every house. I wonder how many of our twelve million kitchens are *really* modern. — J. MUIRHEAD, London, S.E.5.

Free To Visitors

In view of the government's intention to increase prescription charges, surely the time has come to end the free emergency treatment available to visitors to Britain. As far as I know, no other country offers us free medical care.—MRS. D. W. DAINES, Basildon, Pitsea, Essex.

"There is no way of assessing how much it costs the Health Service to give treatment to foreign visitors," says the Ministry of Health, "but it is believed to be quite small. The administrative costs of changing over to, and running, a new system might well

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

They Stopped Von Werra's Flight To Freedom

WHEN Franz von Werra, the escaped German prisoner, tried to steal a Hurricane at Hucknall in 1940 ("The One That Got Away," November 3), I was standing on the aircraft—and it was I who dragged his hand from the starter.

Von Werra had us fooled by his story that he was a Dutch pilot who had come to collect a plane. After he had signed the visitors' book he was handed over to me—an Aeronautical Inspection Department official attached to Hucknall Rolls-Royce works.

He gave me the number of a Mark II Hurricane, one of only three serviceable Hurricanes awaiting collection (he must have noted it when he first got on the airfield), and wanted a mechanic to show him the controls. I said that I would show him, and asked another A.I.D. inspector to check von Werra's authority and make out the log books. As my colleague picked up the phone to ring the R.A.F., I took von Werra out on to the airfield. I put him in the first Hurricane we came to and explained the controls. He kept asking me to start the engine. I said I could not.

At no time would we permit a pilot to have a plane started up before it had been released for flight. It was against regulations; and impossible in this case as the aircraft was being stripped for repair and the inspection panels had been removed.

He then asked me to set the compass—and that was the only time I had a doubt as the compass was the same as in a Wellington.

At this point two R.A.F. leading aircraftmen came up and told von Werra: "You are wanted at the watch tower." He asked if it would do in a minute and they said yes—and at that he switched on the engine and pressed the starter. The engine did not move, and I dragged his hand away.

Then an R.A.F. officer appeared, jumped on the wing and asked the pilot to get out. They walked away, and that was the last I saw of von Werra. An hour later I learned that he was an escaped prisoner.

I would very much like to have met him after the war—he was one of the calmest, most confident men I have ever seen, and I was sorry to hear that he was killed after getting back to Germany.—REGINALD BLOICE, Kirk Close, Sunderland Avenue, North Oxford.

Guaranteed for 12 months against oven breakage

Wouldn't this **OVEN GLASS**

make a wonderful present !

BRILLIANT COLOUR—THAT'S **PHOENIX**

In our house

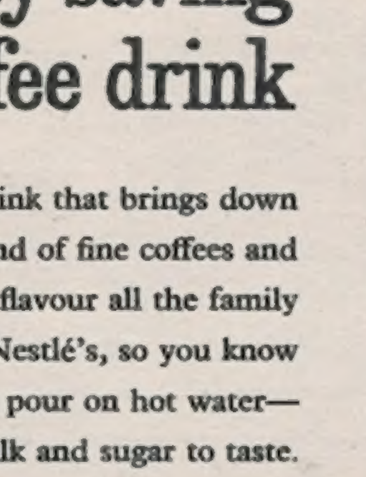
we always have Ricory

Wonderful money-saving quick coffee drink

Ricory—the really good instant coffee drink that brings down coffee-time costs! Ricory—the delicious blend of fine coffees and chicory with the tempting aroma and grand full flavour all the family enjoy. Ricory—made in a jiffy and made by Nestlé's, so you know it's really good. Ricory dissolves as you pour on hot water—just a teaspoonful to the cup, with milk and sugar to taste. You get forty-eight cups to a tin—wonderful value!

Ricory

only **2/6**



Ricory is a soluble coffee and chicory product composed of the soluble solids from coffee and chicory, powdered with added dextrins, maltose and dextrose.

MAKES 48 CUPS

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MADE BY NESTLÉ'S—*REALLY GOOD!*

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

cost more than the present one of providing free treatment."

Few countries have health services comparable with Britain's, but visitors from Britain can make use of New Zealand's health service; and similar arrangements are being made with Sweden.

Lions' Performance

Patricia Bourne's series, "I Prefer Lions" (JOHN BULL, October 27 and November 3), made interesting reading. Skill, bravery and patience are excellent qualities, but these articles served only to convince me all the more of the unnaturalness of the whole business.

Surely lions or any other wild creatures were never intended to stand on glittering stools or perform enclosed in iron bars. The photographs speak for themselves. Each animal views the human nearby with hatred in its eyes. The lions do not prefer Patricia.—C. SMITH, Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Notts.

Out Of Touch

My brother told me that a road was resurfaced near his home recently. But within two weeks the water board men had come along and dug up part of it to carry out repairs. The new surface was patched up, but hardly had a month gone by than the gas company took a hand and dug up that section of the road again to work on their mains.

I know that urgent repairs usually cannot be foreseen, but a little co-ordination between these public utilities could often save money. — L. B., Birmingham.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

Win £1,000 cash FREE for a cover title

A FEW inspired minutes with a pen and a postcard are all you need to put you in the running for a *free* £100 prize in JOHN BULL'S cover title competition—and that extra award of £900 which is awaiting the sender of the best winning title in the whole series. But don't waste any time—the present series ends in JOHN BULL next week.

When you have decided on a title—consisting of not more than eight words—cut out the small reproduction of the cover printed at the foot of this page, paste it on the right-hand side of a plain postcard and write your title alongside it in BLOCK CAPITAL letters. Add your name and full postal address, then post the card (2d. stamp) to JOHN BULL, No. 11 Cover, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), to arrive not later than Monday, December 10, 1956.

The prize of £100 will be awarded for the most apt and original title received. Each reader may send one postcard only for this week's contest, and only one title may be written on each postcard. The prize will be shared in the event of a tie. The Editor's decision is final on all matters concerning the competition. Employees of the proprietors of JOHN BULL (also of associated companies) and their families are not allowed to enter.

WINNER OF COVER CONTEST NO. 6

MR. P. D. SMITH, of 19 Hamilton Road, Reading, Berkshire, has won £100 in JOHN BULL'S cover contest No. 6. His title for Batchelor's painting of the husbands doing the washing up (October 27) is NOTHING ELABORATE, JUST POT LUCK!

ANOTHER CHANCE TO WIN £1,000 FREE NEXT WEEK

THE COVER

HEIGH-HO! Who would have thought that a pair of wings and a star-spangled wand would keep these good fairies up until this time? Midnight's magical stroke has long since passed, and still the sewing machine purrs away. If only it would change into a pumpkin so that Heseltine's cover couple could go to bed! But asleep upstairs is an excited partygoer who's trusting Mother to turn out a many-splendoured dress by tomorrow. In the morning, though, she'd better keep out of Father's way. If he stays up much longer he'll have a Demon King's temper.

OFF TO WORK - FOR THE FIRST TIME

"READY, MATE?" Dad said, "we'll have to get a move on or we'll miss the bus." James looked up quickly. Something in Dad's voice thrilled him. He was going to work for the first time today—and Dad was talking man-to-man. Life had completely changed.

Mum had always made sandwiches for Dad—back as far as he could remember. Now she made them for him, too. Egg and cheese ones today. He stuffed them into Dad's old canvas satchel, gave David a good-tempered swipe, and kissed Mum goodbye.

"Look after yourself, Jamie," Mum said.

"Don't you worry, Mum," said James. "I'll be all right."

To be sure of well-baked white or brown bread—now better than ever before and full of nourishment—look for the *Sunblest* symbol. Only *good* fresh bread baked by *good* bakers can carry this sign.

Sunblest bread is good bread

fresh to the last slice

Sunblest
QUALITY BAKERS OF BRITAIN

ISSUED BY THE QUALITY BAKERS OF BRITAIN

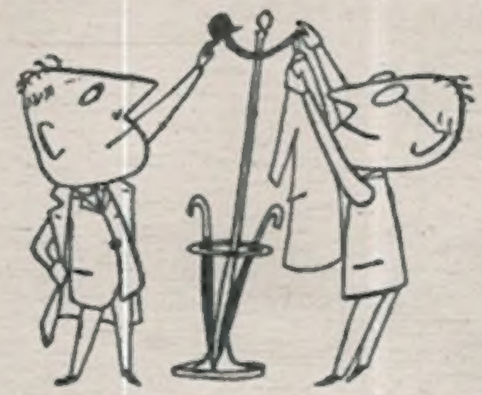
the things they say!

I.C.I. exported £71 million of products in 1955, I see.

Yes, they've been doing well.

How do they manage it, I wonder?

One reason is that they've built up a sales organisation all over the world. Indeed, they have subsidiary companies in 42 countries, and agents in nearly all the rest.



And what's the other reason?

Well, foreigners have come to trust the quality of I.C.I. products and the technical service that goes with them.

Is Britain, then, a force to be reckoned with in the chemical field?

Yes. And high quality isn't the only reason. Thanks to our research workers, we in Britain now have hundreds of outstanding chemical products to sell to the world.

Such as?

Polythene, for instance, and the powerful 'Gammexane' range of insecticides, brilliant new dyes like 'Alcian' Blue, and drugs like 'Paludrine' and 'Antrycide'. They're all I.C.I. discoveries, you know.

And they're helping us in world markets?

They are, indeed. What's more, I.C.I. are spending over £9 million a year on research and development. So far as they can, they mean to ensure that British chemicals stay in the lead.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

BOOK OF HONOUR

It was all Baburao had to live for . . . now that he knew that his beloved son had been born of the Devil

by JOHN CREASEY

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH BRUCE

THERE can be no greater tragedy than for a man to be hated by his son. For a good father it carries a daily hurt, thrusting deeper each day. So it was with Baburao Munshi, my oldest friend in Bombay. I say friend, but we were closer than that or I would not be able to tell this story of how his son Krishna hated him, and how they fought each other. It was not a physical struggle; I have never heard of a Hindu laying a hand upon his own father. It was a war of attrition.

When I first saw Baburao, I thought he was a beggar. I hadn't been in Bombay long enough to tell the difference between the simply poor and the destitute; between the man who works and the man whose work is begging.

I was twenty-three at the time, and had come from England to assist an ageing Irishman who represented several large English publishing houses. I loved books and wanted to trade in them. . . .

One January morning a softening haze spread over the unrippled water of the harbour, so that the white sails of small yachts and the dark sails of native boats and Arab dhows were etched against the serene blue of sky and

There was Baburao, back on his old pitch again. Evidently there had been changes . . .

sea. I walked from my hotel near Apollo Bunder. Across the road, the Gateway of India stood dark and massive.

Most of the beggars, the itinerant chiropodist with his little black case, the sellers of foreign stamps and crude postcards, knew and did not accost me. Two tiny boys, black hair long and matted, faces filthy, bodies clothed in rags, each thrust a hand in front of me, rubbed a thin stomach, and chanted: "Me no eat, me no eat, me no eat." I dropped a paisa on to each palm, and they beamed and bobbed and hurried off.

As I walked to the sea wall to watch the shapes emerging from the haze, I saw a Hindu about my own age, a few yards away. He was very slim, with rather sharp features, and had the familiar, drawn look of hunger. His jacket had once been black but was now green and shiny, with holes at the elbows and one shoulder. His dhoti was tied round his waist and pulled up between his legs, looking like a pair of loose-fitting pantaloons. It was snowy white, like the twist of his turban.

He moved towards me, carrying a few picture-postcards. Obviously he was too diffident to have much success importuning tourists. He held the postcards out and spoke in better English than most. "Sahib want postcards?" he asked.

I didn't, really. They were cheap pictures of the Gateway, Bombay Castle, the Rajabai Tower, the Hanging Gardens. He didn't speak again, but his eyes talked eloquently; fine, clear brown eyes, at once proud and appealing in that hungry face. I thrust my hand into my pocket, and the first note I pulled out was a five-rupee.

I gave it to him. He hesitated, almost embarrassed. "I cannot change, sahib."

"Never mind the change," I said, and took half a dozen of the postcards. "Thanks. Good luck!"

When I hurried away, I wondered whether I had been a fool, whether he would pester me every morning. I found myself expecting him next day, but he wasn't there.

He did not reappear for several weeks but, when he did, I recognized him on the instant; a remarkable fact, since every day I saw thousands of men dressed like him.

The Irishman I was working for had gone home on leave, and I had been extremely busy. The staff was well-trained, Hindus and Anglo-Indians who worked conscientiously, and I was planning a long trip, north to Delhi and across to Calcutta, to meet customers whom I hadn't yet seen.

On the day before I left, I saw Baburao—my postcard seller—again. He was selling newspapers at a corner of Phirozeshah Meta Road, near the little hole-in-the-wall shops which offered everything from a needle-and-thread to a tiger-skin. I bought a paper. Obviously he recognized me, but neither of us spoke.

A month later, I came back from a long, wearisome, dusty, harassing trip by train with enough orders in my pocket to make it worth while. Baburao was at the same corner, dressed exactly the same; but he had added to his stock. As well as newspapers there were a dozen or so thin paper books.

Books always loosen my tongue. "Hallo," I said. "Going into the book trade?"

"That is so, sahib."

"When you run out of stock, come and see what I have," I said, and told him where my office was.

He gave a little, secret smile. "I know well where it is, sahib. Thank you."

About a month after this, I was sitting in my office with the door open and the fans whirring; the April heat was as oppressive as a blast from a brick kiln, for the rains hadn't yet broken.

I looked up and saw Baburao. He looked hot and damp, but as always, his clothes were clean, if old. And the hungry look was gone. There was something else different, too—he looked as

if he were lit up by a flame that sprang from great joy.

"Good morning, Baburao," I greeted, "how are you?"

"Today is a great day, Mr. Graham, for my first-born is a boy."

"I'm delighted," I said. "May it be the first of many."

"It will be," said Baburao confidently. "There will be many mouths to fill, and so I must increase my business. That is another reason why I am here. I wish to sell more books. I think that I could sell some of these." His gaze roamed round my shelves. "I would like to try, sir."

He was implying that he could not afford to buy stock and wanted credit, but would never ask for it.

I said: "Look around, select what you want, and I will send you a bill in a month's time. If you want me to take any back, please protect them against the weather." I had an eye on the coming rains.

"That is already done," said Baburao. "When I have selected and arranged them, you will see. Thank you."

He wasn't surprised by my offer, but was pleased. He left with a carton of books, mostly paper-backs but with a few cloth-bound volumes. I wished he hadn't been so ambitious, for these were likely to get dirty. But obviously he was confident.

At the end of the day I went out into the street, where he was squatting by his stand. He had built a kind of bookcase with a wide, overhanging top, against the wall of the stone building where he had his pitch. It was on the right side of the road, where the rain, when it came, was likely to be blown the other way; he also had a canvas canopy.

"You're really working at this," I said with admiration. "It looks fine. Good luck!"

"Thank you, Mr. Graham."

"By the way," I said, "what is the name of your first-born?"

"Krishna," Baburao told me. "Krishna Munshi."

There was joy in his eyes—then.

I was astonished when Baburao appeared next morning, selected three cloth-bound books and several paper-backs, took these to the trade counter and paid in cash. I went to find out what he'd bought.

"Repeats of titles he took before," said Mary Lewis, my counter-clerk, a bright, business-like Anglo-Indian with a very fair skin. "He wanted three others, but we're out of stock."

That night I noticed that his shelves were packed so tightly that he couldn't squeeze another book in. I mingled with the colourful, noisy crowd of home-going clerks, and watched. Baburao sold two books while I was there and promptly replaced them from a wooden box, which he used afterwards as a chair.

He came for a little stock most days, always repeating popular titles, and gradually built up a steady business. He improved the appearance of his stand, but never of his clothes. He paid in cash for everything he bought, but nothing off the first bill. Mary Lewis told me that she had put it into his hand, but he had blandly ignored it.

"Don't worry," I said, "he'll pay one day."

My interest stimulated by Baburao's great pride in his son, I began to understand the strength of Hindu family loyalty, with its always fanatical influence, and to respect my friend's love for his first-born. Whenever I asked about Krishna, I was told he was a strong, healthy and intelligent boy; just the son to take over his father's business one day.

That was Baburao's dream. . . .

By Krishna's first birthday the bookstand was twice its original size and Baburao had to step on to a stool to reach the top row. He was turning over several thousand rupees a month—not big money by western standards, but none the less impressive for a Hindu who had started from nothing.

As I became more familiar with Indian ways and customs, I learned that Baburao was of high caste, had come to Bombay with a flood of refugees from a famine area, and now lived in a shelter against an old wall of a dismantled building. The roof and walls were of banana fronds, his wife cooked on bricks outside the tiny entrance, and washed their clothes on the stones at the water's edge nearby.

Hundreds of thousands lived like them in poverty which bred fatalism and despair—but, in Baburao, hope. . . .

Mary Lewis reminded me of Krishna's next birthday, and added tartly that although he paid cash for everything he bought now, Baburao hadn't paid that first bill. I ought to remind him, she said.

I went into the street to congratulate Baburao, and caught him stepping down from the box—not with a book but a hammer in his hand. Above the stand was a painted sign:

BABURAO MUNSHI & SON
BOOKS

I didn't speak about that old account. . . .

THREE months or so later he told me that his second son, Rama, had been born. He was pleased but not overjoyed. He was changing in some ways, and had become a brisk, confident business man with a flair for knowing which books would sell. He acquired many regular customers and ran accounts for them. Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs, Parsees and Europeans, students, business men and clerks, all patronized him, and Baburao made friends with them all.

His English was now almost perfect. He dressed a little better, but it was noticeable that, whenever he needed an assistant, he took him from among the destitute. There were more and more fugitives in the city from famine areas.

Just before Krishna's third birthday, Baburao asked me to have lunch with him. We went to an ordinary little restaurant in Hornby Road, not far from Crawford Market. With its rioting colours and contrasts, its variety of tiny shops, the insistent pleading of the sidewalk pedlars and the beggars, the Chinese with their paper lanterns, the district always fascinated me. The food, served in little metal bowls and eaten with the fingers, was spicy and sweet.

"Mr. Graham, I will be grateful for your advice," Baburao said when we had finished. "I wish to open another stall or shop. I wish to employ one or two men who are not ignorant of books and who can be trusted. You can tell me of those who are not ignorant, and I will judge their loyalty." He smiled at me, modestly. "You do not think I am foolish?"

I said: "I think I could recommend one or two men, but there's something I ought to have said to you long ago, Baburao."

His smile was gentle. "That old bill, perhaps?"

"No—I shall leave that to your conscience. It's about your business. You buy all your books from me, and I represent only a few English publishers. You should buy from the other agencies in Bombay, and stock all books which have a ready sale."

He leaned across the little table and touched my arm. "You are generous and a good friend, Mr. Graham. Perhaps I will do that. I do not think you will sell less because of it.

"And now I will tell *you* something. *I* am making a book." He was obviously highly amused. "It will be a big book, and when it is finished I shall give it to you. All the time I worked on it, I remind myself of some postcards on the Apollo Bunder, and also of the day when

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The boy stared across at me; then, slowly and deliberately, he swore. There was a pain in Baburao's eyes that hinted at his tragedy

NO NAME ON THE DOOR (2)

by A. H. WILLIAMS

Harry Gordon Selfridge gambled with a £100,000 display at the opening of his store. He staked the future on designs to attract women, although he knew that . . .

'Every woman thinks she could run a shop'

The author (right), who is a former director of the store, with Selfridge (left) and the late A. E. Cowper, who was also on the board

Crowds gathered at the store on its opening day in March, 1909. A friend told Selfridge: "You've forgotten to put your name somewhere"

HARRY GORDON SELFRIDGE, the man who revolutionized department stores and created "shopping" as women know it today, needed all his optimism to open up in London. He was already a dollar millionaire. From being a shop boy, he had risen to the position of retail chief at Marshall Field's and then to a partnership in that famous Chicago store.

Soon after he came to London in 1906, ambitious to open a great store unlike anything the English had seen, he decided that Oxford Street would be the best site.

Months before the building was finished, Selfridge had engaged his leading executives and worked out staff figures for each of the 130 departments. He spent his nights drawing up the greatest preliminary advertising campaign —it cost £36,000—launched by any retail business in the country up to that time.

He wrote all the advertisements himself. The prevailing tone was serious, thoughtful and ethical, the language clear and devoid of exaggeration. Personally a truthful man, he insisted on truth as the fundamental principle of honest trading.

The store opened in March, 1909.

Public response was from the first favourable; but it took some time for London shoppers to adjust themselves to a scene unlike any other previously presented to them by West End shops.

Before the doors were opened crowds collected in front of the windows, attracted by displays which had been unveiled soon after dawn. They were the work of Goldsman, Marshall Field's head window-dresser, whom Selfridge had brought from Chicago some months before. His bold and simple conceptions, heightened by a dramatic use of colour, inaugurated a new era in window displays. They put an end for ever to the fussy confusions that had hitherto marked the London retail trade. "Window shopping" dates from that time.

Goldsman's displays, on which he and Selfridge had worked for months, were the first indications of the revolution that Selfridge had brought to Britain. They were designed to make an immediate appeal to the feminine imagination, to foster a quick appreciation of form and colour and to emphasize style at the expense of the price factor.

"The whole art of merchandising," Selfridge once said to me when I was the store's sales manager, "consists of appealing to the imagination. Once the imagination is moved, the hand goes naturally to the pocket. But if the first appeal is to the purse, the imagination is apt to revolt and raise barriers against buying."

This was the theory of the Selfridge revolution. Its practice was to get at the imagination

"In my store, women can realize some of their dreams," said Selfridge. He gave perfume and cosmetics prominent positions close to the main entrance

Fashion in the thirties . . . . Gloria, one of the most famous models at the store, displays a dress at a preview of the 1936 spring styles

through the eyes. He believed that women were more readily responsive to the sensuous appeal of beauty than men. They revolted more passionately against drab surroundings because, unlike their husbands, they had little opportunity of escaping from the deadening routine of home life.

"In my store, women can realize some of their dreams," he said. "They come here as guests, not customers to be bullied into buying. This is not a shop, it is a social centre. I would rather lose sales than give women visitors the impression that the store exists only to sell goods. I want them to enjoy the warmth and light, the colours and styles, the feel of fine fabrics. That is the basis of this business, Williams."

In the London of 1909 such a trading creed was unknown. Today his innovations are commonplace in the retail merchandising world.

ALL that is now most spectacular in retail trading was revealed to the public on that March morning in 1909. As people streamed through the doors, they entered a building that had nothing in common with the dark and poky shops to which they were accustomed. Its vistas ran the whole length of the building, which was airier, lighter and warmer than the world outside.

Upwards of £100,000 worth of goods were on show. A more prudent character than Gordon Selfridge would have taken the course of building up from the opening day, when money might be expected to come in; but he was a gambler who staked all his resources on the first coup, in the hope that the reputation of the store would be made in twenty-four hours. And that is, in fact, what happened.

At the end of the first day, as Selfridge was leaving the store, a business friend approached him and said: "Wonderful! I congratulate you. But you've forgotten one thing."

"What's that?"

"To put your own name somewhere."

Years later I often heard him utter the phrase "No name on the door," as if it were a line of verse or a lucky incantation.

The first day decided the store's future. Within a week, tens of thousands of Londoners had streamed through the doors.

The chief aid to success was not to be found in the trading side of the store, but in the novel surroundings, the uncommercial atmosphere, the friendly attitude of the staff, and the many amenities offered free of charge to visitors.

During a business discussion shortly after I was appointed to the board of the company, Selfridge threw out a remark which has remained in my memory.

"You know, Williams, every woman thinks she could run a shop. But for all their store-mindedness, they make a great mistake. It's the most complicated business in the world. Nobody on the outside knows what goes on behind the scenes. If women had their homes always full of guests with different ideas and tastes, and if all these guests had to be sent away happy and satisfied, they might get an inkling of what store business means. They have little or no sense of time. Neither had the shopkeepers before I came here.

"Take the Christmas trade, Williams. You might call it our Golden Age, though it only lasts a few weeks at most. Before I opened here, traders were content to leave the time element to women shoppers. They'd announce, let us say, that there were only two weeks left before Christmas arrived.

"Two weeks to many women is a lifetime. I had to alter that and give them a sense of urgency. So, as Christmas approached, I dated my announcements from November with a notice—so many *full shopping* days to Christmas, deducting the half-holidays and Sundays."

Of all the business men I have known, he had the deepest insight into customer psychology and the firmest grasp of our wayward human nature.

Selfridge made shopping an entertainment, a joy to be anticipated days and weeks ahead, for women who, fifty years ago, had fewer means of escaping from the humdrum realities of existence than they have today.

Gordon Selfridge induced women to buy four times as much as they did before his descent on London, thus increasing the volume of the nation's trade. And he did it by appealing to the sense of beauty. He put the hanging gardens on the roof of the Oxford Street building to capture and preserve a lyric mood for visitors.

SELFRIDGE'S belief in the store, both as a trading organization and a social institution, was absolute. From the first his buyers, picked by a group of talent scouts he employed, were ordered to purchase the finest goods obtainable. He himself seldom or never shopped anywhere but at the store. He had his clothes made there by the bespoke tailoring department.

To Selfridge, more than to any other man, ready-to-wear tailoring owes much of its present popularity. He introduced what he called a "ready for service" tailoring department to London and by persistence and quality finally overcame the prejudice against suits "off the peg."

In March, 1909, he began his famous tours of inspection of the store, several times daily, aloof, all-seeing.

From the opening day he, and he alone, held the levers of power in every part of the vast and complex organization. Everything in the store, from a coloured ribbon on the counter to the merchandising control, was an expression of his will. It was not merely a question of making policy; he overlooked and decided every movement of the several thousand employees. Nothing was too small for his personal attention.

He was the first man to grasp the full economic implications of woman's desire to beautify herself. He, therefore, gave particular attention to the store's perfumery department and discovered there a sales genius cast in his own mould.

Her name was Nellie Ellt. Such was her

Handy portions!

Dairy-fresh!

All families love Dairylea's creamy-mild flavour, and its easy-spreading smoothness. It's so good for them too — remember, Dairylea contains real butter.

And it's the handiness of Dairylea that Mum appreciates—there's no waste with these just-right-for-one portions. The foil wrapping keeps each portion beautifully fresh till the moment it's opened. Buy Dairylea today—a box to eat and a box to keep for emergencies! 1/3 and 2/3.

favourite with all the family—
mild and creamy

DAIRYLEA

KRAFT FOODS LTD., MORRIS HOUSE, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

MOTHER is full of Christmas ideas!

Out November 30th—a grand merrymaking issue of MOTHER for Christmas! It'll be in great demand, so order your copy *now*. It's packed with beautifully illustrated features and fun for your family celebrations, including:

Pages of Gift Makes! Lovable Humpty-dumpty Dolls . . . Hobby-horses and a Toy Laundry for Father to make—plus special easy-to-make gifts for family and friends Seasonable shopping ideas, too!

3-in-1 Bolero Dress: Fashion-right for Christmas or any time—and made in an evening from MOTHER's easy instructions. No pattern required.

New knitting: A glamorous Evening Stole; small girl's Cap, Mitten and Muff set; Baby's charming Jacket.

"When Mothers-in-law Meet": the next absorbing article in our frank new series, "Marriage is what you make it."

Festive Cookery: Exciting sugar-plum-fairy cake, pudding and candies—and attractive "Party Plates."

Telling the Truth to Tmies: Mothercraft expert Joan Williams gives practical advice on the problem every mother meets.

3 complete Stories: for MOTHER's Christmas reading.

Bedtime Tales to tell at Christmas.

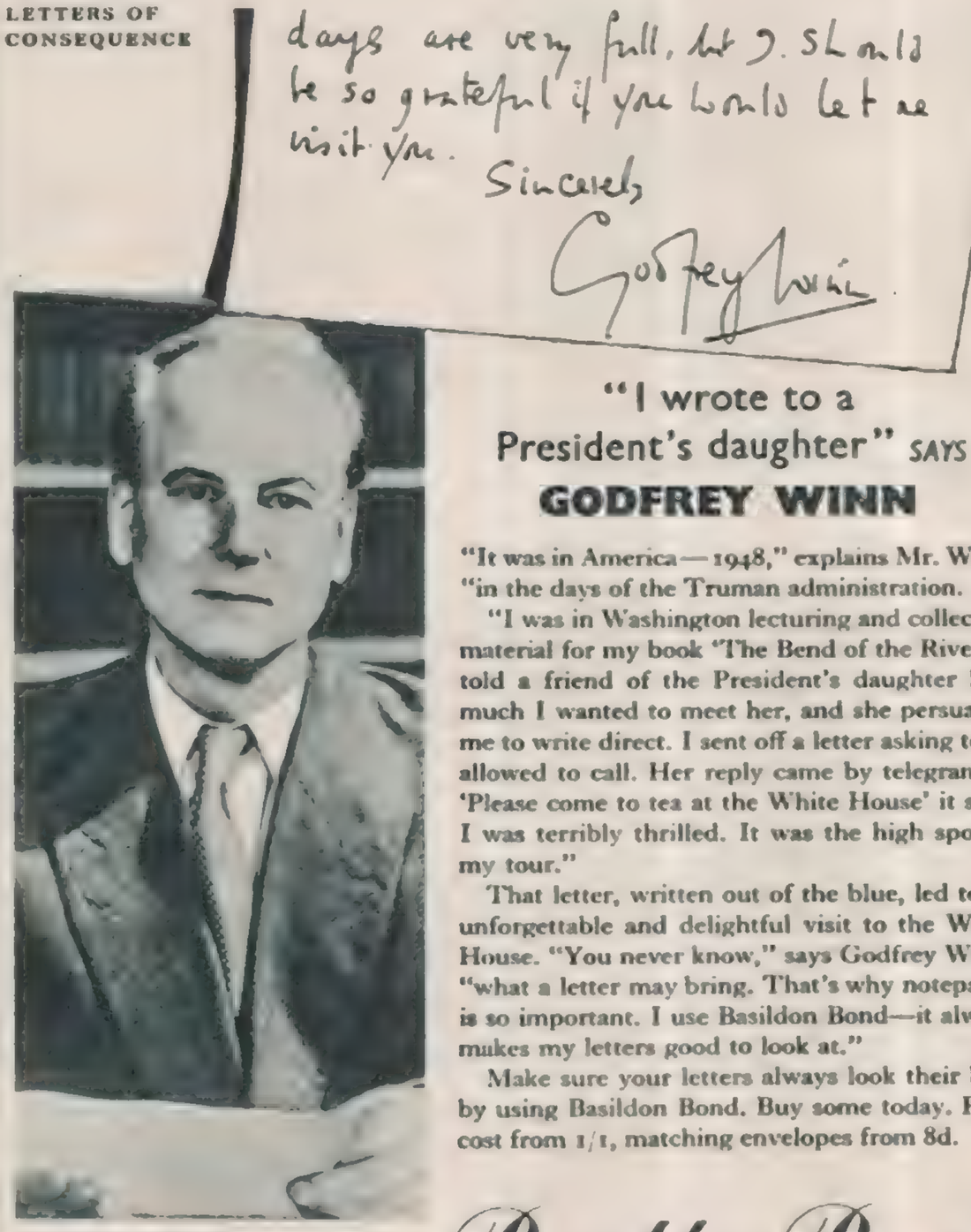
Children's Christmas Play: Simple—and such fun to act themselves.

Appealing Christmas Picture-Story. Home-making.

Special Christmas Number

ON SALE FRIDAY
NOVEMBER 30—1'3

LETTERS OF CONSEQUENCE



"I wrote to a President's daughter" SAYS GODFREY WINN

"It was in America—1948," explains Mr. Winn, "in the days of the Truman administration.

"I was in Washington lecturing and collecting material for my book 'The Bend of the River.' I told a friend of the President's daughter how much I wanted to meet her, and she persuaded me to write direct. I sent off a letter asking to be allowed to call. Her reply came by telegram — 'Please come to tea at the White House' it said. I was terribly thrilled. It was the high spot of my tour."

That letter, written out of the blue, led to an unforgettable and delightful visit to the White House. "You never know," says Godfrey Winn, "what a letter may bring. That's why notepaper is so important. I use Basildon Bond—it always makes my letters good to look at."

Make sure your letters always look their best by using Basildon Bond. Buy some today. Pads cost from 1/1, matching envelopes from 8d.

GODFREY WINN, famous writer, broadcaster and T.V. star

A John Dickinson Product

Basildon Bond

CHOSEN BY DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE

ability that on a stock worth about £1,500 she had an annual turnover of £160,000. This achievement confirmed Selfridge in his view that women's aids to beauty had a tremendous future.

As soon as he grasped the new beauty trend he split the drug department into sections and gave perfumery and cosmetics pride of place at a spot close to the entrance of the store, where women customers could not miss it.

Four months after the store opened another revolution suddenly burst upon the world. It was inaugurated by Louis Bleriot who crossed the English Channel in a small monoplane which emerged triumphant towards the cliffs of Dover and crash-landed on a slope.

On this Sunday morning, July 25, 1909, Gordon Selfridge was motoring in Kent with his wife and mother, and he heard the news while breakfasting in his hotel. He at once rose from the table and told the women to wait until he returned. Then he ordered his chauffeur to drive as fast as he could to Dover.

"This flight was so big, Williams," he told me later, "that I had to link it with the store. I saw some sort of omen in it. Bleriot and I were changing the world, each in our own way. I had to get that plane."

Arrived on the scene, he fought his way through a crowd of spectators. There were some language difficulties, but within an hour Selfridge had obtained Bleriot's signature to a contract which gave him the sole right to exhibit the plane.

He supervised transport for it, and did not return to the hotel to collect his wife and mother until he had telephoned to London and given instructions for the plane's reception and display at the store. Then he raced home and set the advertising and publicity machine in action.

Even before the aircraft was placed in the basement, a big crowd collected in Oxford Street. Crowds stretched round the store for days. The press carried stories and pictures. Famous personalities visited the store to inspect the machine.

"I made the store the third biggest attraction for sightseers in London," said Selfridge.

"Which were the first and second?" I asked.

"Buckingham Palace and the Tower of London."

Selfridge's competitors sneered loftily at "cheap stunts" and "undignified American methods." There were many more to come.

"One day I was sitting in my office, thinking over plans to extend the building," Selfridge told me, "when for some reason or other I suddenly found myself recalling some of the big earthquakes."

With Selfridge, to think was to act. Where did the newspapers get their early information concerning earthquakes?

He was surprised to learn that most of the London newspapers depended on information supplied by one man—an amateur scientist named Shaw, who lived at West Bromwich. He not only gave early news of disturbances, but was also able to indicate the epicentres and extent of earthquakes reported by foreign correspondents.

Selfridge invited Shaw to visit him. He was anxious to learn whether a seismograph could be installed in the store, for he was afraid that the Oxford Street traffic might upset so delicate a recorder. Shaw inspected the building and came to the conclusion that the instrument would work without any disturbance from traffic if it were placed in the basement.

"That's no good," said Selfridge; "it must be on one of the upper floors, preferably the third, close to the information bureau." This bureau had already been functioning for some time—another innovation.

Shaw was doubtful, but Selfridge insisted that he apply himself to the problem, which was to

Gordon Selfridge had gardens put on the store's roof, making it another attraction for visitors . . . and a recreation spot where members of the staff could exercise

prevent the traffic vibrations interfering with the recordings. "The great thing," he said, "is to give visitors to the store an easy access to the instrument."

Shaw solved the problem and supervised the installation of the instrument. Within a few days it had recorded a slight shock in the Dutch East Indies, and the press was immediately informed. From then on whenever a shock was registered, the man on duty at once phoned the newspapers, whose reports soon began to say: *"On Selfridge's seismograph yesterday. . . ."*

All scientific instruments fascinated Selfridge. On the desk at which he sat, and where I first saw him, were a barometer and an antique hour-glass whose sands took a quarter of an hour to run from one compartment to the other. That marked the limit of time he would allot to an ordinary caller. When time was up, he would reverse the glass and rise from his chair. The interview was over.

I often called on him in his office and saw him sitting trancelike between the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, on each side of the desk, staring at the running sands.

For he was obsessed with time. All the clocks in the store were set four minutes slow; this gave an additional four minutes shopping time—or nearly twenty-one hours a year. His own life was regulated to the minute. He timed his train-catching almost to the second, getting into his seat the instant the train moved off. He kept his watch precisely five minutes fast. When I asked him why, he replied: "It gives me another five minutes to live."

He took the adage "Time is Money" literally.

In the early days of the store, he noticed during one of his thrice daily tours of inspection what seemed to be a shortage of staff. He sent for Percy Best, the personnel manager.

"What's the matter with the staff, Best?" he demanded. "Where are they?"

"At tea," said Best.

"No more tea!"

"No more staff!" rejoined Best.

And Best won his point; he knew the working traditions of his English staff better than the American Selfridge.

Selfridge's mind was a burning glass focused rigidly on the store. Nothing happened to him that he did not at once relate to it. Coming out of a London hotel one night, he tripped over a loose carpet. He was at the store half-an-hour earlier than usual next morning, testing the carpets in every department. Thereafter carpets became a regular item for inspection.

In the days when he was still planning the store, he decided that it must have a telephone number that could not be forgotten.

The exchange then serving the area was Gerrard. "I had to have Gerrard One," he told me. "I made inquiries and found that it belonged to a doctor in the district.

"I saw him and pointed out the different natures of our businesses and convinced him that I had a more urgent claim to Gerrard One. I got it."

On a business trip to the provinces, he was detained overnight in a Midland town. After dinner he went for a walk along the main thoroughfare and then began to explore side streets. He thought the town was very badly lighted, and before he left he obtained from the appropriate corporation department the figures of the daily consumption of electricity.

As soon as he arrived back at the store, he asked for the amount of electricity used every day there. He found that Selfridge's used more than this fair-sized town. And, a few days later, an advertisement told this to the world.

The year 1925 marked the sixteenth birthday of the store. There is nothing special in a sixteenth birthday, but we decided to make an occasion of it. Every department was ordered to lay on a special display appropriate to the goods it sold but not connected with actual trade. One department would show the evolution of its wares, another the social tradition, yet another the connection with national history.

Early closing day was chosen for the exhibition. The store was closed for sales at the usual time, and afterwards thrown open to the shopkeepers of London and their friends until ten o'clock at night. Thousands of invitations were sent out.

By eight o'clock, every floor of the store was packed by a crowd entranced with the decorations. The aisles of the ground floor were

Continued on page 49

Angel's Ransom

by DAVID DODGE

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

Five lives, or a millionaire's pocket money. Blake had to act—before the gangster found there was no choice

THE captain of the Angel knew that this was no time for heroics. He had been outwitted by a savage criminal. So had his passengers. To survive they must obey every order that the man gave. Already one of them had died. . . .

Blake's ship, a luxury yacht, had been seized in Monaco harbour by a thug called Herriot and his accomplices, Jules and Roche. At gun-point, Blake was forced to take her to sea.

Herriot planned to squeeze 100,000 dollars out of Blake's employer, Freddie Farr, the American millionaire. He made Freddy draw a cheque payable to Roche, who was put ashore by launch. Now the Angel was filling in time while Roche cashed Freddy's cheque in Geneva.

Freddy and Blake were not alone. With them were a lovely English girl, Marian Ellis, whom

In a last desperate effort to win freedom, Blake swept his fist across Jules's jaw. The big man took it with his head back

Herriot had tricked into helping him board the yacht, and who was now bitterly repentant; Valentina Walowska, Freddy's beautiful girl friend; and Laura di Lucca, an Italian. Laura's husband had been murdered that afternoon, shot down like an animal when he made a grab for Herriot's gun.

On the bridge of the Angel, Blake was trying to reassure Freddy. "There's a chance," he said. "If no one defies Herriot openly, and so long as Roche brings him the money."

Freddy turned pale. "That's what's eating me," he broke in. "I cooked the scheme right from the beginning. The cheque Herriot made me write took Roche straight to jail."

Ashore, too, tension was mounting. The police were taking action. Neyrolle, the dour, chain-smoking *sous-chef* in charge of the case, had sent for George Samson, a reporter who knew both Farr . . . and Marian Ellis. He had news for him. . . .

PART THREE

Blake Versus Jules

NEYROLLE said: "I have called you here because I have received a piece of important news that makes co-operation between us not only desirable but imperative. Before I tell you what it is, have you thought of anything to add to what you had to say this morning about Marian Ellis?"

"I've told you everything there is to tell," George Samson answered doggedly. "She's a girl I knew casually in Paris. I don't know why she came here to Monaco, or where she is now."

"What I know leads me to believe that she is aboard the Angel," the *sous-chef* said. "I would welcome any shred of information that might help explain why—and how—she got there."

"I can't give it to you," Samson said. "But if you think she's joined up with some gang of crooks in a plan to kidnap Freddy Farr in some melodramatic way, you're crazy."

"I have never believed that she helped Herriot to plan a kidnap plot," Neyrolle said. "I am inclined to believe that she has been—let us say—utilized, in some manner. But whether she has a part in it or not, the kidnap plot exists."

He handed George the blue slip of a telegram. It read: REQUEST DISCREET URGENT EMPHASIZE DISCREET URGENT INQUIRY INTO CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING SIGNATURE OF CHEQUE DRAWN DOLLAR ACCOUNT FREDERICK FARR BANQUE SUISSE GENEVA AMOUNT ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND U.S.A. DOLLARS PAYABLE LOUIS ROCHE. FARR'S LAST KNOWN ADDRESS YACHT ANGEL YOUR PORT. PROBABILITY CHEQUE SIGNED UNDER DURESS. RE-EMPHASIZE DISCREET URGENT. CABLE REPLY.

The telegram was signed by the Geneva police. George read it twice before he could believe it, but its implications were obvious. He said: "By God! What a story this is going to make. Who is Louis Roche? Herriot?"

"No. Not Herriot. One of his men probably."

"And the cheque?"

"Ransom, clearly, although Banque Suisse prefers not to use the ugly word."

"How did they get on to it?"

Neyrolle said: "Like many very wealthy men, Monsieur Farr has a signature code with his bankers, for protection in just such circumstances as seem to have involved him now. The improper dotting of an i, to be exact, indicated that the cheque, as well as a very plausible explanation for its existence which the bearer carried in Monsieur Farr's undeniable handwriting, had both been written under pressure. Roche stands on his story that he is a fellow member with Farr in a gambling syndicate that Farr is financing, and Geneva has requested that we supply them with evidence that he is lying."

"What have you told them?"

"Nothing yet. It seemed more important to ask questions than to answer them. Among other things, I learned that, in searching Roche, the Geneva police found that he carried a pistol, a return plane ticket from Geneva to Nice, and a return train ticket from Nice to Monte Carlo."

Despite their plight Valentina was still serenely beautiful. "Is there anything else I can do?" she asked

Neyrolle lit a Gauloise and left his chair to pace round the room. He went on: "I asked myself: Why was this Roche planning to come back to Monaco with the money? Clearly there was to be a rendezvous here, a reassembling of the criminals in order that the ransom should be shared out.

"It followed that those of the gang who had made off with the Angel must have planned to return here, and an even more provoking question then presented itself. Why should they take the risk of coming back here?

"The answer, of course, is informality of entry and exit. On the entire Mediterranean coast of Europe, only the borders of Monaco can be crossed without need of passport, *pièce d'identité* or *laissez-passer*, and without questions asked. Five minutes from the port a stranger can disappear into another country as easily as crossing a road."

George, who had been frowning at his shoes, looked up. He said: "I still don't understand."

"I will try to make myself wholly clear." Neyrolle stopped pacing and turned to face George. "You have suggested that a request for help be made to Interpol or to the Western navies in this part of the Mediterranean. Very well. Assume that I report a stolen yacht, with captives being held under duress at sea. A search would be instituted immediately, planes dispatched, radio calls sent out, other vessels asked to be on the lookout for the Angel.

"The yacht would be found, inevitably. But we already know that we are not dealing with fools. They are alert, on guard for any warning that their scheme has failed; listening to the radio, watching the air, searching the horizon. Once the warning comes"—Neyrolle threw his arms wide in a gesture of helplessness—"I believe it more than possible that, in fear of capture, the scum we are dealing with would leave no witnesses alive to speak against them. Unless that possibility can be extinguished, I will not institute the search, nor agree to the release of news that might set it off."

"So that's it!" George's chair went over as he sprang to his feet. "Not with my help! A story as big as this one can't be bagged at this stage of the game."

"It is not a game," Neyrolle retorted. "Nor is it only a newspaper story. I am thinking of lives. We made an agreement, you and I, that the story should be wholly yours. I have lived up to my part of the bargain. No one else has even a suspicion of what is going on aboard the Angel, except its abandoned crew, and I have already taken steps to stop their mouths.

"The Angel should be returning to Monaco within the next day or two—within a week at the most. No more ships will attempt to signal her. She will come in unsuspecting—I hope. A fast patrol boat will be standing by. Our one hope is to surprise and capture Herriot before he can harm his prisoners."

George went on trying to argue for a while, but it was no use. He could not budge Neyrolle an inch, and in the end he angrily took his leave.

After the reporter had gone, Neyrolle took a memorandum headed *Samson, George* from a desk drawer and studied it thoughtfully. The information was still sketchy, but the Paris police had responded promptly to his request for co-operation.

Among other odd scraps of information, they had been able to report that George Samson had been arrested and released without a charge after a street scuffle outside the cabaret, La Nouvelle Aphrodite. The scuffle had been provoked when a dancer employed by the cabaret, Marian Ellis, was accosted while in Samson's company. The incident had taken place almost a year before—and Samson claimed to have known the girl for a mere ten days.

"Why does a man lie when the truth would reveal only his gallantry?" Neyrolle asked aloud. . . .

ABOARD the Angel, Jules came to take the wheel shortly after one in the morning, when Blake had reached the ragged edge of exhaustion. The Englishman stumbled to his cabin and slept till after six, when Herriot woke him and summoned him back to the wheel.

Herriot did not stay in the cabin doorway while Blake dressed, but disappeared as soon as he had made the call. Blake seized the chance to have a quick shave. It gave him a few extra minutes to consider the situation revealed by Freddy's confession of the night before.

They had lost precious time. Only that day and another night remained before Herriot would learn that he had been checkmated. The prisoners were not and never had been in a position to count on the ransom for their release. It was a hard fact to accept.

"But why did you do it?" Blake had asked Freddy. "A hundred thousand dollars can't be so important to you."

"I didn't like being intimidated by a cheap crook," Freddy said. "But with Roche in jail they'll be looking for us, so we're really better off than we were before. Aren't we?"

"I don't know," Blake had said. "I can't think. . . ."

Now, he went first to Freddy's cabin. Freddy was sound asleep in a chair. Blake shook him awake with difficulty. He said: "Freddy, listen

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to me and try to concentrate. Get Valentina and Marian up to the galley right away. Talk about getting breakfast if Herriot looks suspicious. I'll be with you in a minute."

He saw Freddy on his feet, then hurried down to the engine-room. When he came up again there was a heavy wrench hanging against his leg through a slit in his hip pocket.

A weapon of some kind went with the drastic change of attitude forced by Freddy's confession. He made that clear to the war council gathered under the softly protecting roar of the galley fans.

"We're up against it," he said. "The Angel turned round last night. We're heading back towards Monaco. In about a day and a night, at the most, Herriot is going to learn that his big gamble hasn't come off. He'll have a get-away to make. We'll just be in his way."

Freddy shifted his feet uncomfortably. Valentina said: "Why do you say 'a day and a night at the most'?"

"The probability is that at this moment there's a call going out to all ships asking for news of the Angel," Blake said, "and Herriot is spending most of his time sitting over the radio. If a police search develops he'll know about it. His getaway starts at that point, instead of later.

"I struck a snag mending the radio-telephone last night. I must get that job finished. It's our only chance to send an S O S. Someone must come to the wheelhouse again and take the wheel while I work on it."

"I will come," Marian said. Her voice was low and level.

Blake nodded. "Good girl. Freddy, you and Valentina take up your lookout on the foredeck, and you, Marian, come up to the wheelhouse as soon as you see Jules leave. Freddy and Valentina will then watch out for Jules and Herriot and signal you if they come near the wheelhouse. Got it, everyone?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now, our next move is going to be a piece of rough stuff. When Jules returns to the wheelhouse, I want you, Freddy, to create a diversion. I want you to start a quarrel with Valentina within view of the wheelhouse. Do something startling. Hit her—hard. Draw Jules's attention just for half a minute. That's all I need. Understand?"

By good luck he found he had no need to inveigle Jules into leaving him alone at the wheel. The big sailor seemed glad to hand over and get out.

MARIAN arrived within a few minutes of his departure. Again she brought coffee. He gave her the course and the wheel. The bright morning sea was still empty.

Freddy and Valentina had already taken up their lookout, in position to signal from either side of the foredeck. Blake had no fear that they would attract particular attention. It was Marian's continued presence in the wheelhouse that invited suspicion.

He took the substitute power cable from the roll of charts in which he had hidden it during the night and went on with the repair job.

Marian said: "If Freddy signals, what do you want me to do?"

"Just stay there at the wheel," Blake said. His voice took on an excessively practical tone. "I'll come over and pretend to make love to you. It's the one excuse for keeping you here that Herriot may swallow." He added curtly: "D'you mind?"

For a moment she didn't answer. Then he heard her say: "No, of course not," in a thin, small voice so faint that he almost missed it.

Blake worked swiftly but carefully. The radio-telephone, when repaired, could afford them not only a possible means of sending a call for help, but word of the moment when the call for help might become urgently necessary. The powerful short-wave station at Grasse broadcast regularly to shipping. It would give warning of the all-out search for the cruiser that must follow Roche's arrest. When Herriot heard that warning his prisoners would survive only by their own resourcefulness.

Blake had the radio-telephone repaired and ready for use by seven thirty, three minutes before the next broadcast to shipping was due.

"I'm connecting up. Keep your eyes open."

The fat spark that sputtered under his fingers when he made the final connection was an encouragement. He turned the volume control down and stood with his ear close to the speaker.

For several minutes he listened intently while Grasse broadcast gale warnings. Nothing else came through. Neither the Angel's name nor Freddy Farr's had been mentioned when the Grasse operator signed off.

Why was there no news? Roche must have reached Geneva long since.

"What did you hear?" Marian asked anxiously.

"Nothing about us. Not a word."

Still puzzled, Blake was exploring the limited range of wavebands for another station when Marian said: "Hurry! Freddy's signalling!"

The power cable snapped out of place at a single pull. Blake pushed it into the open drawer of the chart table, slammed the drawer shut, then sprang for Marian and the wheel. Although he could not properly hold her and the wheel at the same time, the embrace was convincing.

Her lips were on his for only seconds before the door to the wheelhouse slammed open. They sprang guiltily apart as Herriot's automatic menaced them from the doorway.

"I beg your pardon, Captain," he said, smirking. "I did not know I would be interrupting a lesson in navigation. My business with you can wait until you are less agreeably occupied."

He stepped back, closing the door behind him.

Blake held Marian tight while the tension went out of both of them. After a moment he said quietly: "Jules will be back soon. Go down and tell Freddy and Valentina to get ready for their quarrel. As soon as Jules comes up here they can start their act. But be sure first that Herriot isn't on deck."

Marian nodded and left him. He watched her join Freddy and Valentina on the foredeck. All three stood with their heads together, huddled in a small protective group.

Blake shifted the weight of the wrench in his pocket, making sure it would come free easily, and wiped his damp hands on his jacket. His mouth was drier than before and his heart was pumping hard.

The sea was getting rougher now. The three figures on the foredeck were visible one moment, obscured the next by a sweep of spray. He saw the group break, draw quickly apart and arrange itself in a different pattern. Valentina's blonde head and Freddy's sling had paired off. Marian walked away in a conspicuous withdrawal from what appeared to be a too-personal conversation

Continued on page 34

AN ENGLISH GIRL WITH A PRICE ON HER HEAD

NEXT week JOHN BULL presents one of the most moving real-life stories ever told. It is a tale of courage and adventure, horror and tenderness . . . the story of a little English parlourmaid who braved ignorance and war in a strange land.

THE SMALL WOMAN

by Alan Burgess

GLADYS AYLWARD IN CHINA

is the story of Gladys Aylward, the maid who became a missionary in China. Penny by penny, she saved the fare for her journey across half the world. Alone, she travelled through Russia by train, into a land of war and secret police. But her courage and persistence got her to China unharmed.

There, in the unknown hinterland, the people took her for a foreign "devil," spat on her, threw mud at her. Single-handed, she faced a horde of rioting convicts . . . she bought a small girl from the clutches of a child-dealer—for ninepence . . . she unloosed the ropes that bound the feet of Chinese women . . . she defied a powerful Mandarin.

And soon the people were calling her Ai-weh-deh, the "virtuous one."

Then the Japanese attacked China. When their troops tried to assault a group of Chinese women, Gladys Aylward opposed them. She was brutally beaten. Later, in love with a Chinese officer and by now herself a naturalized Chinese, she spied on the enemy. She was betrayed, soldiers hunted for her—a price was put on her head.

Still she did not give up. Her thoughts were for the one hundred Chinese war orphans in her care. To save them from the Japanese, she took them on a weeks-long trek by foot and train, dodging from mountain to valley, from valley to mountain. . . .

The Small Woman is a magnificent story of courage and faith, of tenderness and love in the face of horror and war and death. It is a great human document that nobody will want to miss. Illustrated with photographs and full colour paintings by John Berry, it begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

There are sometimes a thousand animals on Britain's only cattle ranch. Rounding them up once a year takes three days and plenty of hard riding

After the round-up, cows and calves are separated and penned. On the road to Fort William, the calves once caused a mile-long traffic jam

Joseph Hobbs (right) with Charles Palmer, his manager, looks out over the Great Glen range. Hobbs bought it for under £1 an acre

Riders of the Great Glen range

With a ranch, cowhands and a herd of cattle, Joseph Hobbs is pioneering prairie methods in the Highlands of Scotland

by DON EVERITT

Highland farmers once scoffed at Hobbs's American ranching methods. Now he has reclaimed more than a thousand acres of land, and in recent years has shown a steady rise in profits

BEFORE dawn, sixty-five year old Joseph Hobbs, of Inverlochy Castle, near Fort William, Scotland, buckled his American Western saddle on to his horse. At first light, he had a rendezvous with a dozen cowhands, also on horseback. Together they rode into the nearby hills: the annual round-up on Britain's only cattle ranch had begun.

In three long days and much hard riding last September, Hobbs and his men herded more than a thousand cattle on his 10,000-acre Great Glen range. Driving the stock through cattle crushes, they separated 538 calves from the cows, ear-marked them, and put them out to wean on pasture.

A few days later, the cowmen drove half the calves down the main road to Fort William, a manoeuvre which caused a mile-long traffic jam in the town. A specially chartered train took the cattle to Lanark Market. In October, the remaining calves travelled the same route, again disrupting Fort William.

Once, the town frowned at Hobbs's round-up and scoffed at his American ranching methods, but now, in common with the rest of the Highlands, it has grown more tolerant. For, in eight years, Hobbs has become one of Scotland's biggest cattle breeders. His nearest rival at the famous Lanark Market offered only ninety beasts for sale. More important, perhaps, this Sassenach has proved to doubting, discouraged Scots hill farmers that the Highlands can once more produce cattle profitably in large numbers.

Hobbs, a native of Hampshire who made a fortune as a young man in Canada and then returned to take up whisky distilling in Fort William, gets immense satisfaction out of proving himself and his ideas. Short and burly, with an eager voice which has a soft North American accent, he relishes a challenge. It was a challenge, or rather a series of challenges, which provoked Hobbs into starting the Great Glen Cattle Ranch.

After the war, Westminster and the Scottish Home Department discussed how to increase the beef output of the Highlands. Few in the Highlands believed it was possible. True, cattle had once reigned in tens of thousands, but in the last two hundred years sheep and deer had ousted them. The cattle, which crop and fertilize the land evenly and trample the bracken, had kept the glens and hills fertile and healthy. But under sheep, which feed too selectively, the land became choked with scrub and bog, and the soil turned sheep-sick. It was thought in 1946 that large-scale cattle breeding could return only at prohibitive cost.

On various occasions, Hobbs put forward a highly developed theory to his friends and business associates that he could make cattle breeding pay in the Highlands with American ranching techniques. Everyone pooh-poohed the idea. As one of Hobbs's associates puts it: "Joe had virtually retired from business, but he couldn't resist the temptation to prove them wrong."

Hobbs promptly bought the Great Glen, a rectangular piece of derelict land, ten miles long, roughly four wide, and divided by a high ridge. It included two crofting townships of about a dozen houses apiece. It barely supported fifty cattle and 450 sheep. Hobbs got it for less than £1 an acre.

He sold the sheep, then consulted an encyclopaedia. "I decided that as the land lay in the wet Gulf Stream belt, I needed short-haired rather than the Highland cattle. The short-haired beast gives itself a shake when it gets wet, then goes on eating and making beef. Highland cattle shake themselves all day after lying out in the rain, and the profit goes up in steam." Hobbs went over to Connemara and brought back fifty head of Angus-Shorthorn cross-breds. People round Fort William said he was mad.

UNDETERRED, he went to work on the land. "The glen contains a lot of peat, which is too cold and rots seeds, but fortunately I found several sandy glacial deposits. Sand provides warmth and drainage. I decided to mix the two."

First, Hobbs fed the cattle on a selected site until they had "manured and poached it black." Then he and his men moved in with bulldozers and tractors and heavy ploughs, levelled out the humps and hollows, and turned the sand and stones into the peat. In this, they started a five-year system of spring-sowing a mixture of seeds and grass. At the end of his first year, Hobbs still had 9,964 acres of derelict land: he and his men had reclaimed the other thirty-six.

Today, he has more than a thousand acres registered as reclaimed. He has put in thirty miles of drains, sixty miles of fencing and three big cattle shelters, limewashed yellow and boldly marked: GREAT GLEN CATTLE RANCH. This season, 584 breeding cattle roamed the range and gave the record number of 538 calves.

He has recently purchased a further 130 breeding heifers which takes his stock to seven hundred.

"Last year I got a fifteen per cent return on the stock, the year before that ten per cent, and the year before that five per cent. This year I'm hoping for twenty." Apart from these increasing profits, Hobbs's land has appreciated considerably. He reckons that some of the reclaimed land would now fetch £40 an acre.

But Hobbs's eight years of hard labour to prove his theory right and expert Highland opinion wrong have not been without their periods of crisis. At first, the peat threatened to defeat the project by trying repeatedly to swallow the wheeled tractors. Hobbs replaced them with caterpillar tractors, a move which prompted a visiting junior parliamentary minister to say that the ranch looked more like an open-cast coalfield.

One day in 1949, Hobbs's first estate manager rushed out to talk to him on a land reclamation site. "I was up to my elbows in peat, and he told me that we were badly in the red. He advised me to cut my losses and go broke. I told him we'd buy 150 more cattle instead. We did. I knew that we could make it pay only by increasing the stock."

The key problem of cattle breeding in the Highlands is the winter keep. That year, Hobbs had bought and transported at a thoroughly uneconomic cost 750 tons of hay from the Carse of Stirling. The ranch had to become self-supporting more quickly or go broke. Hobbs and his men pushed ahead as fast as possible with the land reclamation. "By 1952 we succeeded in growing just enough silage to feed the whole stock through the winter. Last year we

Continued on page 47

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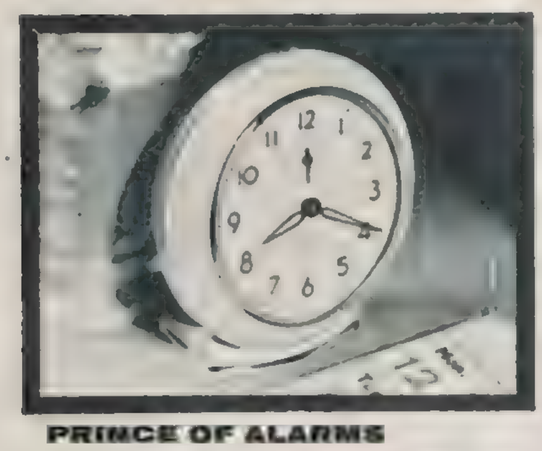

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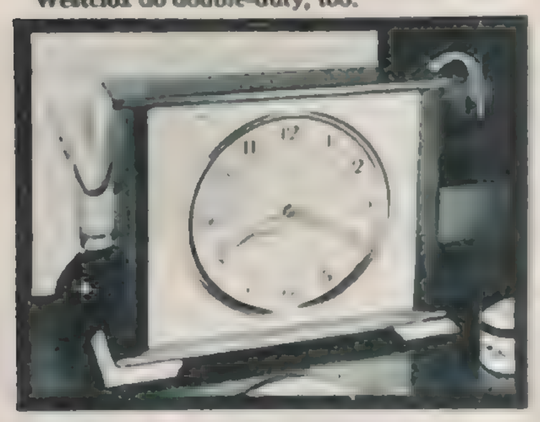

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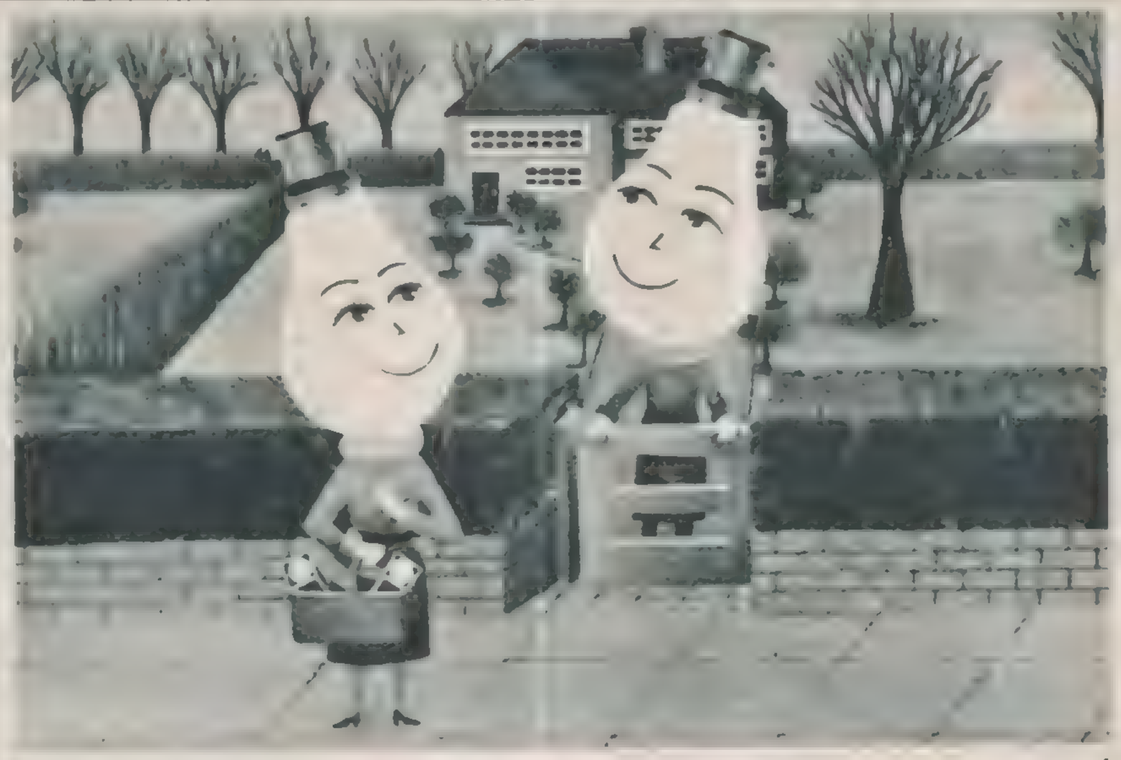

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Action station on the A.1

by RENÉ LECLER

Girl attendants get fewer complaints than men and help to increase sales. Simister (below) supervises a new delivery of petrol. Variations in temperature when tankers call may lose him one gallon in every hundred

Life usually thunders by on the Great North Road. But when it grinds to a halt, Cyril Simister helps to get it moving

ON a wet morning last winter, Doncaster police called Cyril Simister from his service station on the Great North Road to the scene of an accident. A large pantechnicon had crashed on a corner when its wheels became locked, and had spilled sixty washing machines all over the road.

Simister drove out with his works foreman on the station's "Diamond T"—an eight-wheel drive, 45-h.p. breakdown truck. He found that the body, 16 ft. long, 7 ft. wide, had been ripped off the chassis. With traffic building up for two miles on either side of the bend, he first had the washing machines picked up and cleared away and then towed the chassis and engine to one side.

When it came to the body, Simister and the police experts were puzzled. "It lay in a ditch," he says, "as big as a room and the clumsiest thing I have ever seen." The "Diamond T" could winch anything up to a hundred tons, but as soon as a grip was placed on the body, sounds of tearing wood indicated that it would break up.

He was still wondering what to do two hours later when a man walked across the road and asked him if he could buy the body to build himself a garage. "I felt like telling him that if he could move it he was welcome to it," says Simister.

In the end, Simister borrowed a 40-ft. long low-loading truck, backed it to the pantechnicon, took the back wheels off, winched the body gently on to it, put the wheels back and drove away.

"It was just one of those things that happen on the A.1," he says. "We get all sorts." One morning recently two cars crashed on a pedestrian-crossing right in front of his forecourt. "From my office window I could see the two drivers arguing and as I walked over to one, he said to me: 'It wouldn't matter so much, but I am on leave from Malaya and I am catching a boat to the Continent this evening.'"

Simister was sympathising with the other driver when he discovered that he, too, was from Malaya and on his way to catch a Channel boat. "I introduced them to each other and pointed to an hostelry across the road. They went off quite happily as we dragged their cars in for repairs."

A slightly built, pugnacious Lancastrian of forty-seven, who started life as a bank official and went into the service station business to get "more action," Simister is general manager of Moore's Garage, one of the largest of Britain's 21,000 service stations. With thirteen petrol pumps spaced along two lanes of a forecourt 250 ft. long by 70 ft. wide, and with a staff of fifty ranging from girl attendants to panel-beaters, it sells close on a million gallons of fuel a year and takes £250,000 in forecourt sales alone. It has never closed for a minute since it first opened in 1921.

BOTH Simister and the managing director, Arnold Smith, pride themselves on the fact that there is little they cannot do for the passing motorist, though this calls for ingenuity and, sometimes, an even temper. A man recently drove up in a small family saloon, asked for a gallon of petrol, air for his tyres, distilled water for his batteries and a drink for his dog. Another motorist pulled in with a caravan and asked the girl attendant to clean all the windows. When an American tourist called in for service and asked for the nearest "liquor store," Simister looked at his watch and, finding that it was ten minutes to closing time, sent a driver into Doncaster for a bottle of whisky.

"Sometimes we have to draw the line," says Smith. "When a fairground showman arrived with a huge trailer and asked for all his twenty tyres to be pumped up without buying petrol, I had to show him the way out. He was blocking the whole forecourt."

One of the twenty-eight garages in the four hundred miles from London to Edinburgh which always remains open for petrol and emergency calls, the station usually has plenty of work for its four breakdown vehicles. But before Simister sends out the "Diamond T," which does three miles to the gallon and costs a minimum of fifty shillings per call, he must be quite sure the job is big enough.

Simister readily points out that most motorists are honest and appreciative of quick help. "But, as in all businesses, we find that a few are dishonest or merely ignorant and misguided." A man called at the station late one night with serious engine trouble and said that he was due in London at nine the next morning. Could they help him? Simister's mechanics worked all night and put the car right. As the shifts were changing in the early morning the customer arrived, pointed to his car and, as the new shift attendant went to fetch the bill, he drove off

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Continued on page 40

The Ridd

So this was the f

cunning—an

IN the sunshine of an autumn noonday, a great many carriages with fringed white canopies and clip-clopping horses were jingling to and fro along the palm-lined esplanade which skirted the blue waters of the Bay of Naples. Among the carriages was one carrying A. J. Raffles and myself, Bunny Manders.

"Too bad you're not sailing with me, Bunny," Raffles said, as he offered me a Sullivan from his cigarette case. "It's still possible, you know, that we could get you a berth in the liner coming in tomorrow. No chance of persuading you to change your mind?"

"None whatever," I said. "I don't mind going along with you on your country house cricket jaunts, but your serious cricket is another matter. Though mind you, I'm very glad you arranged to travel down overland and link up with the rest of the England team here. I wouldn't for worlds have missed this trip down to see you off."

Raffles chuckled. "Good old Bunny! Well, you know your own mind best. I won't try to press you." He changed the subject. "I wonder what's in this batch of letters?"

We had made a pretty leisured journey here from London, and before he left his rooms at the Albany he arranged for our Naples hotel to be a forwarding address. The letters had been handed to him as we were coming out of our hotel, and now with a word of apology he took them from his pocket and shuffled through them.

"Bills, mostly," he said, "as usual. I——" He broke off. "Now, here's a coincidence," he said. "A letter from Australia—and I'm on my way there."

He tore open the envelope, took out a thick sheaf of notepaper, unfolded it, glanced at the signature on the bottom page. I could have sworn he paled under his tan. He went back to the beginning, began to read. I was troubled by the curious expression still on his face.

"Bad news?" I asked.

He shook his head. "The letter's from my sister," he said—"my sister Dinah." He took a last pull at his cigarette, flicked it out under the canopy. "I've never told you before that I have a sister, have I? Well—she's now on her way to England. I haven't seen her since one summer vacation when she was ten and I was fourteen and we were both home from boarding-schools."

He looked out thoughtfully over the incomparable bay. "When my father died," he went on, "he left precious little. And he had only

Yes, she was a Raffles all right. The face, the sm

lle of Dinah Raffles

male of the species; all the family 'd a talent of her own!

by BARRY PEROWNE

one relative, an uncle in Australia, a very good, solid bloke, some kind of country bank inspector, name of W. F. Raffles. It was arranged that what little my father had left should be used to see me through school, and that Dinah should be sent out to Mr. and Mrs. W. F.

"Dinah and I wrote to each other for a while, but then the letters tailed off. W. F. had a little farm, where he ran a few sheep as a hobby. Dinah sounded happy there, and I was happy enough. So, bit by bit, we lost touch."

He took another cigarette from his case. "Sometimes the thought of Dinah has gnawed at my conscience, Bunny," he said. "I've felt I ought to get in touch with her. But somehow, knowing she was happy, and that any day my own activities might bring me a frightful purler —somehow, I always felt it'd be kinder to let her lead her own life. You see?"

"The wheel turns," I said. "Now, *she's* taken the initiative."

He nodded. "She's read about my being picked for the M.C.C. team against Australia. See where this letter's addressed? 'c/o M.C.C., Lord's Cricket Ground.' Forwarded from Lord's to the Albany, from the Albany to here. And she says"—he opened the letter again—"she says: 'I see you're in the England side that's coming here. I do congratulate you. What a pity, though, if you've sailed before I arrive. But no matter, I shall be in London when you return. I'm longing to see what you look like now, and to know all about you and your doings.'" Raffles returned the letter to its envelope. "Me and my doings!" he said wryly

"She's evidently not coming *specifically* to look you up," I commented.

"By no means," he said. "She seems to be coming to England permanently. I gather that Mr. and Mrs. W. F. are both dead, and that Dinah is coming to London to 'try her fortune.' Poor, naïve kid!"

He gazed out unseeingly over the Bay of Naples for a moment. Then, abruptly, he turned to me. "Bunny, we must go to the shipping office, find out whether Dinah's liner touches at Naples here—and if so, when."

Ten minutes later we were in the shipping office, looking blankly at each other. "Of all the foul luck!" I said. "Her liner calls here just three days *after* you'll have sailed."

"To which," he said, "there's only one answer. I don't sail."

I said: "You can't do that, Raffles. You've got to go." Then I added, seeing how distressed he was: "I'll wait for her ship and travel back to England with her, if that would help."

Raffles cheered up at once. "You'd do that, Bunny?" he said. "It's awfully good of you And I can't think of anyone better for the job. You're the very man to take her in hand."

"You can rely on me implicitly," I assured him.

"One good thing, anyway," Raffles said "There's no need for my rooms to stand vacant You can install her in them very snugly." The old vivacity danced in his eyes. "You'll have a Raffles just round the corner at the Albany, after all, Bunny."

"But what a different Raffles!" I said ruefully. "A naïve girl!"

Mid-morning on the third day after Raffles departed, I was on the wharf, looking out at the newly arrived liner at anchor and at the incoming tender puffing shoreward, her decks bright with dresses of summery muslin, many parasols, and masculine straw hats. The tender came alongside and the gangway was run out.

In the sweltering confusion, an awful thought struck me. I had secured a booking with no difficulty; but now, as I watched the cargo slings sway baggage up out of the tender, it occurred to me that Dinah Raffles might have decided to leave the ship here and save herself time by going on to England overland. Many people did this.

I studied the passengers descending the gangway, obviously bent on sightseeing during the few hours the liner would remain here. Raffles had told me that his sister had "oat-coloured plaits," but apart from that I had no clue to her appearance. Yet now, suddenly, my attention was riveted by a girl who appeared at the head of the gangway.

SHE was a graceful, grey-eyed girl, cool in a dainty dress. She carried a parasol and long gloves in her hand. I could have imagined her and Raffles together, he a bit the taller; they would have looked well, have complemented each other. But if she were indeed Dinah, she no longer had plaits. Her pretty hair, as I saw when she turned her head to speak to someone behind her, was secured at her nape by a neat little bow of black velvet.

That turning of the head made me certain she was Dinah. The clean-cut profile, the smile, these could have belonged to no one, I felt, but Raffles's sister. I watched her as, with a hand

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

e could have belonged to no one but A. J.'s sister. But who was that sleek-looking fellow escorting her?

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to her skirts, she started down the gangway, escorted by a sleekly good-looking, dark-haired fellow in his middle thirties wearing a well-cut grey suit.

Motioning the fellow carrying my portmanteau to follow me, I began to edge my way through the milling crowd. While I was doing so, I saw a trio of vividly clad gipsy girls, with jingling tambourines gather about Dinah as she set foot on the wharf. With a smile, she let one of the girls draw her aside, clear of the gangway and, poring over her palm, gabble forth some stream of nonsense.

"*Si, si, e vero, signorina, e vero!*" I heard the gipsy girl vociferating, as I drew closer. "One of the protected ones! It is wrote—here in your hand. *Eccolo!* Always I know them—the protected ones! One in a million, *signorina*. *Vabene*, you'll see, one day—you'll remember!"

"I'm sure I shall," I heard Dinah say, and by her voice alone, so cool, friendly and amused, I should have known her anywhere for a Raffles.

I could not help grinning to myself at the thought that, at that very moment, I, her officially appointed protector, was working my way through the crowd to reach her. But just as I was about to step free, declare myself, and produce the letter of credentials which Raffles had given me, the grey-suited fellow with Dinah tossed the gipsy girl a coin and, putting an arm very familiarly about Dinah's waist, drew her away towards the line of waiting carriages.

The bland possessiveness of the gesture came as a shock to me. I stood staring. And I heard the man say, "You see, Dinah? One of the protected ones! And did you notice who the girl rolled her eye at when she said it?"

He meant himself, of course; and I was so taken aback that I let them go right by me. It had simply not occurred to either Raffles or myself that Dinah, totally inexperienced and for the first time in her life footloose, might have got mixed up with some man in the course of the voyage.

I WATCHED the chap hand Dinah into one of the carriages, and then I went out in the tender to the liner. Having seen my baggage to my cabin, I went straight to the purser's office in the main deck foyer, where I was lucky enough to get hold of the assistant purser. Oh, yes, he knew Miss Raffles very well. The man who had taken her ashore? He was a Mr. Graham Forbes, of a wealthy English family long settled in the Argentine. It appeared that Forbes had been in Australia studying sheep-farming methods with a view to experimenting with sheep on his Argentine properties.

"Going to England, is he?" I asked.

"Only as far as Lisbon. He gets a ship there for Rio and the River Plate."

"He became acquainted with Miss Raffles on board?" I inquired. And then, seeing that the assistant purser was beginning to look askance at my questions, I took him into my confidence. "I'm a close friend of Miss Raffles's brother. He's unable to meet her himself and he's appointed me a sort of brother by proxy. Though I don't know her personally yet, I have a responsibility. From what I saw of Forbes's manner to her on the wharf just now, I sensed —well, a possible entanglement."

The assistant purser nodded. "He met her on board here, and made a dead set at her from the start." He looked at me strangely. "Seeing how you're placed, Mr. Manders, I'd better be open with you. I may tell you it's just as well you've shown up. Forbes keeps it very dark when he's travelling, but I happen to know he's a married man—got a nice, pretty little *señora* in the Argentine."

I compressed my lips.

"There's worse to come," the assistant purser said grimly. "I was on the River Plate run once. I know all about this Graham Forbes. He's a charmer. He can tell the tale. More than one pretty girl travelling alone—well, I've heard stories. As a matter of fact, I've heard one right in this ship—from a pretty youngster called Mary Moore, down in Third Class."

Frowning, he filled his pipe. "She came to me one day, aboard here," he said, "and told me she'd noticed that a certain girl who was young and travelling alone—she meant Miss Raffles—seemed to be in danger of losing her head over Forbes.

"Miss Moore told me that she herself had met Forbes some months ago, in a ship going out to Australia. She was going to Australia to get married. Unfortunately, she fell in love with Forbes, and she let him talk her into breaking it off with the man she was going to marry, and running off with Forbes, instead. That's his line, Mr. Manders. I know.

"Quite by chance, Mary Moore learned he was already married and had been lying to her. She taxed him with it. When he saw she had his number, he just left her—flat.

"That girl's been badly hurt, Mr. Manders. She has too much pride to go back to the man she'd broken off with. She worked to earn her fare back to England, and she's returning unhappy and virtually penniless."

"Does Forbes know she's in this ship?" I asked.

"He doesn't dream it," said the assistant purser. "And Miss Moore didn't dream Forbes was aboard, either, till she happened—from the third-class deck for'ard—to spot him up on the promenade deck with Miss Raffles. After that, she kept her eyes open, and she saw Forbes and Miss Raffles together so many times that finally she came to me and told me Miss Raffles ought to be warned that Forbes is a bad lot.

"I told Miss Raffles and suggested she have a talk with Mary Moore. Whether she did or not, I don't know. She's still going about with Forbes, so I doubt it. Mr. Manders, it's as well you've shown up, but I don't envy you. You've got a situation on your hands."

Helpfully, he saw to it that I got a place at the same table as Dinah and Forbes in the dining-saloon when they returned from their day out. The tables were long ones, seating twenty a side. Watching the couple at dinner that evening, soon after we sailed, I saw that Forbes monopolized Dinah completely; his jealousy was glaring.

I wanted to get Dinah alone, to introduce myself. But as I watched Forbes escort her from the saloon, it was obvious that I stood a poor hope of getting her alone. So I went to the smoking-saloon to write her a note.

A POKER school was in session there, with a grey-haired, hard-faced man running in luck by the look of it. I sat down at a table nearby and, calling for writing materials, wrote my note to Dinah, saying I looked forward to a private talk with her as soon as she could make it convenient. Sealing the note, together with Raffles's letter, into an envelope, I dispatched a steward to hand it to Miss Raffles's cabin steward with instructions to see that she got it as soon as she went below.

I had a few brandies and watched the poker game for a while, then went down to my cabin. I turned up the light to undress, climbed into my bunk, turned the light down to a blue speck in the dark. Lulled by the muted throb of the engines, I soon—despite my perplexities—fell asleep.

How long I slept, or what awakened me, I did

Continued on page 43

"You wanted to talk to me privately?" a voice whispered. I gaped at the girl who was standing by my bunk. "But Miss Raffles!" I said. "Dinah! To come here!"

I bow to the Queen— and stumble

by NORMAN WISDOM

This was the chance of a lifetime . . . a performance at Windsor Castle. But as I rounded off my act I fell —and prayed that the stage would swallow me up

Norman is presented to the Queen at a Royal Variety Show. Once, he was afraid that if she spoke to him he would be too nervous to reply

In the film *Man Of The Moment*, Norman partners Belinda Lee. He attended the première between variety acts, and sang to crowds in the street

EVEN the best-regulated plans come unstuck. As our Constellation landed at London Airport that day in 1952, it seemed as if my future was set fair.

I had more work lined-up than I had ever known before; the Americans had come very near to fêting me, and in Hollywood had talked about the possibilities of a film; I was under contract to appear in the London presentation of an American musical, *Where's Charley?*, which held bright promise, and Freda was expecting our first child.

What could be better? Yet years of ups and downs have left me with a doubting streak. I was ready for something going wrong. This high plateau must have a snag in it.

Even this psychological preparation wasn't enough to soften the blow, however, when I was told that *Where's Charley?* had fallen through. Henry Hall was due to put on the show with the American producers. Now had come news that the Americans were unable to come to Britain. And, it seemed, there would be a gap following my Wolverhampton pantomime season.

In America, shortly before, there had been all the signs that I would hardly have enough time to tackle all the work available.

As soon as I had finished my appearance on Ed Sullivan's *Toast Of The Town* television show, offers began to roll in. Billy Marsh, my agent, arranged that we should meet some film company executives at eleven o'clock the following morning in New York.

We arrived there early and when it got to two minutes past eleven and we were still waiting in the outer office, Billy winked, rose and told the secretary uncompromisingly that we were very busy.

Then we walked out, back to the hotel. The action must have created some illusion of importance, for a message was already there for us when we arrived.

As a result we were whisked off to Hollywood. I was asked to discuss a part in a film called *Pleasure Island*. But business was not on my mind. With the Wolverhampton pantomime and the Henry Hall show all lined up in England, I was more interested in meeting some of the big cinema names.

I met Bing Crosby and together we worked out a novel dance routine. I lunched with Joan Crawford and taught Ramon Novarro to sing my own composition, "Beware." Only one thing was marring the trip. Probably the biggest single attraction for me in Hollywood was the chance to meet Charlie Chaplin. Yet the studio persistently turned down all our applications.

Eventually I telephoned him directly on the set of *Limelight*, and he asked me round. We discussed the old English music hall, some of the veteran stars past and present, and I was allowed to watch this genius of the cinema producing, writing and acting in scenes of the film.

It was the most enjoyable part of the whole visit to America, yet even this had its disappointing side. Someone put it out that Charlie had named me as his natural successor, and I had the awful feeling that Charlie may have been under the impression that I had originated the story. I certainly hadn't, and he certainly never said any such thing.

Back in London, I joined Freda in a house hunt. The caravan wasn't big enough for three of us, but we liked the area around Stirling Corner, where we had it parked, and decided to concentrate our search in that part of North London.

I was also worried about the development concerning *Where's Charley?* I was told that I was entitled to £2,000 compensation, and Henry Hall was ready to pay it. But I couldn't forget how Henry had helped me in show business, how he had introduced Gracie Fields at the Empress Hall that fateful night when it looked as if I were in for another setback, and how she had changed things entirely for me. I refused to take the money. It would have been on my conscience for life.

As things turned out, the loss of *Where's Charley?* was a blessing in disguise, for Bernard Delfont, the impresario, gave me a starring part in *Paris To Piccadilly* at the Prince of Wales Theatre—a marathon, record-breaking show that was to run for eighteen months.

It got off to a great start, though shortly before I went on stage that opening night something happened to shake me up. I was installed in the dressing-room used by the great Sid Field when he caused a West End sensation after years of struggle round the music halls. As I opened the greetings telegrams I came across one which read: IF ANYBODY CAN TAKE HIS PLACE IT IS YOU. GOOD LUCK SINCERELY. THE SID FIELD FAMILY.

It was such a touching gesture that I couldn't face anyone: I locked the door. I have never opened any telegrams before a first-night show since.

Paris To Piccadilly ran for so long that I had to ask for twelve weeks' leave to fulfil a pantomime engagement in Coventry made much

earlier in the year. And it was during this spell that Nicholas was born.

By now, Freda and I had sold the caravan we had used as a home for more than three years and had moved into a three-bedroomed semi-bungalow at Arkley, in Hertfordshire, not far from the district in which we had parked the caravan. I took the telephone call with news of the baby's arrival shortly before going onstage, and after the show I drove directly to London still wearing my make-up.

At this time I was entering the busiest, most exciting period of my life. As well as the thrill of a new home, discussions were under way for me to appear in a Rank film, and I also agreed to do another television series. It was in a television programme that Earl St. John, executive producer at Rank's, had first seen me.

He was apparently keen to sign me up, but there was some opposition on the grounds that music hall comics, used to playing with the reactions of an audience, so often run into trouble in the confusing world of films. Nevertheless, St. John had his way, and I signed a seven-year contract guaranteeing me three films in two years for £15,000.

There were the usual hagglings over stories, but presently it was decided to go ahead with a film called *Trouble In Store*. There was clearly some doubt as to whether I could hold a film, and Margaret Rutherford, Jerry Desmonde, Lana Morris and Moira Lister were brought in.

I entered into a bewildering hustle, working on the film from early morning until late afternoon, when I had to go off for my two shows at the Prince of Wales.

It was a new, fantastic and rather startling world with a mystique all its own. I was alternately overawed and baffled. With my inexperience in this business, I just did as I was told

Television gave Norman his first big chance, and he now appears monthly in *The Norman Wisdom Show*. When the Queen visited Lime Grove, she asked why he did not appear on television more often

Norman and Freda at home with their two children, Jacqueline and Nicholas. Norman was so excited when Nicholas was born that he went to the nursing home in his make-up

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until one day I saw the "rushes" of a scene in which I was trampled by eager women shoppers in the store where I was employed.

The "extras" doing the trampling must have worried about hurting me, for their delicate tread was like a ballet company's. I asked the director, a tiny, wonderful fellow named John Paddy Carstairs, to persuade them to tread on me good and hard—and, in a retake, they did. I got up feeling more bruised than a British heavyweight.

My occasional interference in the cause of personal punishment seemed to amuse the technicians. They helped me a lot. Probably nowhere is trade unionism stronger than in British film studios, yet these Pinewood boys pushed aside one of their own rules and turned up an hour earlier each morning so that I could be rushed off in good time for my evening shows.

Carstairs also got some pleasure out of my painful interventions, and I found that practical jokes were being made out of my ignorance of film techniques.

When, one day, I went into the projection room to see "rushes" of a scene in which I chased a bus along Oxford Street on roller skates, I was astonished to see that they had replaced back-projection "shots" of the street with others showing buffalo charging. The effect was to give the impression that I was being chased across the prairie on skates.

On another occasion, Carstairs kept ordering retakes of a "shot" showing me wading into a pond fully dressed. Between each shot I had to go back to the dressing-room to change. After some time I noticed as I was about to enter the water that the camera wasn't even working. I turned, grabbed Carstairs, American shirt and all, and took him into the pond with me.

Even with a car waiting to rush me from the studios to the theatre, and another to take me home late at night, I had at the most four hours' sleep each night during this period.

It was a killing pace, and between the two shows at the Prince of Wales it took me all my time to avoid falling asleep. I resolved I would never again attempt to do so much at once, not only because the exhaustion barrier couldn't be far off, but because I was seeing so little of Freda and our son, Nicholas. We started to plan a holiday.

It was the first genuine holiday I'd ever had. I was ready to enjoy it after

THE FUTURE—I

I never think of the future. It comes soon enough.

Albert Einstein

the months of non-stop work in which I was simultaneously filming and appearing in the West End. It was just the break I needed, for I had a fifteen weeks' season lined-up in *Sinbad The Sailor On Ice* at the Empress Hall.

As so often happens when one puts too much store by something, the holiday was a disappointment. I'd been told that the sun always shines on the Riviera, but it was raining steadily when we arrived. The whole coast was clouded over, and I didn't go much on the vaunted French cooking either.

We drove on to Italy, but the weather stayed overcast and finally, in desperation, we headed north again—to Paris. Then, with twelve days of our month left, we flew to Majorca. There we found the sun, but I soon got bored with lying on a beach. It still worries me that I have lost the habit of relaxing; at any rate, I found holidaymaking an over-rated pastime.

On our return to London, I went into rehearsal for a B.B.C. television show. The Queen came to Lime Grove to see it, and afterwards, during the presentations, I wondered if I would dry up if Her Majesty spoke to me. But her question was as disarming as it was surprising.

She asked me why I didn't appear more often on television. It is a problem that besets all artists, and I tried to explain that I feared the public would get tired if they saw too much of me. Her Majesty said she felt sure they would not.

After *Sinbad The Sailor On Ice*, all my resolutions about not trying to do two jobs at once were shattered. I was offered a run at the Palladium, and asked the studios to let me out of my second film temporarily.

They would not agree to this. Finally, I was caught between the two, and fulfilled both contracts.

It meant an even more hectic spell than the one that had gone before. Each evening, after filming, I was driven from Pinewood to the Palladium, an hour's run, and it was touch and go all the way.

By the time we entered London, the peak hour rush was on, and one evening when I had been delayed with retakes until a little after five o'clock, we ran into a jam at Shepherd's Bush stretching all the way to Marble Arch. When we entered Oxford Street, it was five past six, and we were still crawling.

I was due onstage at a quarter past. I realized there was only one thing for it. In my stage clothes and wearing make-up, I got out of the car and began running. The Thursday shopping crowds stared and shouted as I dodged in and out, keeping to the gutter as much as possible where the path was clearer. I made it just in time.

THIS wasn't the worst panic. On another occasion we had a puncture and I had to change to a taxi, and there was the night when my film, *Man Of The Moment*, was premièred at the Leicester Square Theatre.

I had been given permission by Val Parnell to make a personal appearance at the cinema between houses at the Palladium. Twice in the morning we rehearsed the manoeuvre, and it worked out with minutes to spare. But when the real thing came, everything went wrong.

Traffic thronged Leicester Square and cost us valuable time; then, on the pavement outside the cinema, someone held forward a microphone and asked me to say a few words.

When I was through, someone called me to sing "Don't Laugh At Me," and the crowd took it up. It was very flattering, but worrying. I sang for two minutes. Inside, a special news film of the St. Leger was being run, and there was a further wait until this was over.

Now, I was almost convinced that I could never get back to the Palladium on time.

As I got back, I saw that the stage director, Jack Matthews, was in a state of nervous exhaustion. My cue music was just beginning. I had to sprint to make it.

On my dressing-room door, just before leaving, I had pinned a notice: "Gone to the pictures. Back in ten minutes." It was a joke that had nearly mishred. . . .

All this happened during the second of my two spells at the Palladium, lasting in all twenty months. I spent the 1954 Christmas at home. It was a thrilling time, for our second child, Jacqueline, whom everybody says is my image, was born on December 21.

I was also chosen to appear in a Christmas show for the staff at Windsor Castle along with Beryl Reid, Jerry Desmonde and Peter Brough. A stage had been put up in the Waterloo Chamber. It was banked with a magnificent array of flowering plants.

After finishing my act, I went out to take a bow and in stepping back I had the mortifying experience of falling into the plants. For a moment there wasn't a sound. I wanted to be anywhere but there. Everyone was looking up towards the Queen.

Only one thing could save it now, I thought. I stepped forward and said, "All right, I'll pay for them." Everyone laughed, and it was all right. . . .

It is often said of comedians that without exception they want to play Hamlet, that they're solemn people deep down. I never have subscribed to this, and I've met almost every comedian in the business some time or other.

In real life, things happen to me, or

How many Schwepping Days
to Christmas ?
Schweppes
Schweppes
Schweppes

I make them happen, which can easily be turned into comedy material.

Early this year, when the highspot of my career was reached with our visit to Hollywood to sign a million-dollar contract, I asked our studio escort where I could have a swim. It was a sultry Californian day. I was directed to the Silver Slipper pool, and found it hard to understand that on such a day nobody should be in the water.

I dived in, and nearly died from the shock of immersion. It was the coldest bath I've ever known. Only when I got out was I told that the pool had just been filled from a well.

Then, on our way to Jamaica for a holiday, Freda, Billy Marsh and I broke our journey in New York. I heard that Harry Secombe was to appear in television on Ed Sullivan's *Toast Of The Town*, and found out what he intended to do. Then I telephoned him late at night at his hotel.

Putting on an American accent, I said: "Your name Secombe?"

"Yes," he said.

"I'm one of the producers of the Ed Sullivan show."

Harry sounded surprised.

"I hear, bud, you are doing a shaving routine. I'm afraid that's out, brother. We did something like it two weeks ago. I'm coming up to talk about it."

"But I'm just going to bed."

"I'll be right up," I said.

Not until I appeared did Harry suspect it was anything but genuine. One of these days, he'll repay me.

I doubt whether I would have gone so far with anyone but Harry. We've been close friends since just after the war when, as newly demobilized soldiers, we met at a Windmill Theatre audition. We were both broke. We were both eager. And as we turned up far too early, we had an hour to kill talking over the career we had chosen. After the audition, I was thrown out and Harry got the job.

ON our way back across the Atlantic, Freda and I boarded the s.s. Patricia to find that we had been allocated a superb cabin suite with lounge, bathroom, and the lot. As the purser helped to instal us, he said, "You will be dining with the captain."

I couldn't resist the chance. I thought of the last time I had sailed the Atlantic as a cabin boy. "Cor blimey," I exclaimed. "All that fare and we have to feed with the crew!"

It was a defensive remark really. I've had a lot of luck, and I can afford the good things in life. But ostentation still frightens me. When we got a new, fast car recently, friends asked why I didn't put my initials on it. I'm as vain as the next man. I was able to point out those initials "N.W." They're one-eighth of an inch high just above the rear number plate. If they were any bigger, I'd never dare to drive out.

Yet I still get a kick out of public recognition. Towards the end of October this year I went to open a new department store in Deal, which I still regard as my home town, though I was born in London. Every street, every shop, brought back memories.

I remembered the days when I used to pedal the streets as the fastest errand boy in town, the boxing sessions at the Royal Marines barracks, my first careless saunter along the seafront in long trousers.

For a moment, as I saw the crowds and the police out in force to control them, I had that old urge to run away mingling with the thrill of this homecoming. The mayor and mayoress were there, but so was my mother, and my brother Fred, who has stayed all his life with the firm he joined as an office boy, and of which he is now general manager.

There are still plenty of things I'd like to do, many unfulfilled ambitions, but in case they don't materialize I'll keep them to myself for the time being. I know I have a lot for which to thank my lucky stars. This thought occurred to me that October day in Deal. And it will be the same next April when I will kiss Freda and the kids, Nicholas and Jacqueline, goodbye for a time while I make my first film in Hollywood.

THE END

Angel's ransom

Continued from page 21

at the same moment that Jules came into the wheelhouse, holding the door to keep it from slamming on his heels from the push of the wind behind it.

Jules said: "We're changing course. Steer five degrees." He went to the chart table to pick up the instruments lying there.

Blake thought, still calmly: *That's the oversight. I'd counted on his taking the wheel. He's not going to take it.*

Freddy, pantomiming anger, was working himself up to strike at Valentina's face. When the blow fell Blake had planned that Jules, at the wheel, would be distracted by it long enough for him to strike his own blow. Everything about the attempt was a success, except that when the slap did come, Blake alone was there to see it. Jules was still at the chart table.

Blake swore. It was involuntary, a curse at failure. He did not know that the sharp oath and his concentrated attention on what was happening below would bring Jules away from the chart in time to see Freddy's second, more forceful, slap. This time it sent Valentina reeling away down the slanted deck, to catch her heel and crumple convincingly, helplessly, in the bow. Freddy was still gesticulating angrily at her.

Jules growled. His initial charge took him out of the wheelhouse to the bridge wing. From the wing rail he shook his fist at Freddy, roaring: "Get below, all of you. If I have to come down there to you. . . ."

The performance stopped too abruptly. There was a warning in the way the actors turned immediate attention from each other to him, and his interruption of his own shout let Jules hear the slip of Blake's rubber soles on the storm-sill of the doorway at his back. He turned while Blake was still coming on.

Even then the end might have been won with sufficient savagery of attack. But Blake could not strike to kill or maim, only to stun. Even when Jules had taken the first blow on an uplifted forearm and was pawing the pistol out of his belt, Blake could not bring himself to smash the wrench into the sailor's unprotected face. He struck, instead, at the pistol as it came out from under the jersey, felt the jar of metallic contact, saw the gun soar through the air, drop, hit the rail of the lower deck and fall into the sea. Then he found himself at close grips with the stronger, heavier man.

They were fairly well matched for a moment. The first blow had numbed Jules's forearm and hand. Until feeling came back, he fought to smother Blake with superior weight, dragging at his arms, clutching, pressing in close, locking his chin against Blake's shoulder to protect his head from a clear swing of the wrench.

The silent, grunting struggle without outcome seemed to go on endlessly, a nightmare of straining inaction during which Blake caught brief, photographic glimpses of the three upturned faces watching the fight from the deck below.

THE FUTURE—2

The proper time to influence the character of a child is about a hundred years before he is born.

Dean W. R. Inge

Without room to use the wrench, Blake dropped it and hammered with both fists to break out of the trap he had been forced into. Jules wasted only a few punches on Blake's face, smashing relentlessly instead at ribs and chest and stomach. Blake felt his own blows losing their strength as Jules grew stronger.

In a last desperate effort to win freedom of movement before he was finished, he put his heel against a ledge and thrust himself forcefully away from the encumbering wall at his back, sweeping his fist across Jules's jaw. The big man took it with his head back. Then he landed a hard punch below Blake's breastbone. The blow drained the last of his strength. He slid helplessly to the deck, straining to pull air into his lungs, the bitter taste of blood in his mouth.

Jules stood over him, panting, his big fists still clenched. Then he dragged him, still helpless, bumping over the storm-sill into the wheelhouse to dump him on the deck in front of the slackly swinging wheel.

"Steer five degrees," he grated. "God help you if you're not on it when I finish dealing with your friends."

Blake gasped weakly: "It was my idea. Don't take it out of them."

"You were all in on it." Jules made an angry, despairing gesture with the wrench. "Name of God, what is the matter with you? A single night to go before you are all freed, and you try this madness. Is the millionaire's pocket money more important than your lives? Do you want to die the way the Italian died? Herriot will shoot you all in a minute if he finds out about this. Do you think I want that? Do you think I want more murder on my hands?"

"He needn't know." Blake felt an unexpected hopefulness at the sailor's choice of words. "If you don't tell him there's no reason for him to find out."

"How can I be silent about it? I lost my gun. How do I explain that, eh?" Jules thrust the wrench savagely into his belt and pulled his jersey down to cover its bulge. "He will shoot me first if I attempt to deceive him, and the rest of you afterwards. Damn you for a blundering fool! You deserve to die. You all deserve to die." He yanked Blake to his feet to slam him against the wheel, hard. "Steer five degrees—while you can."

He broke off abruptly. Herriot had come out on the foredeck, pistol in hand, and was motioning peremptorily at the three spray-soaked people still clustered together under the bridge wing. Suspicion and threat were in the little man's movements as he ordered them to separate. The group broke and disappeared from sight.

Jules said heavily: "I want no more murder. Steer five degrees, Captain. You have only a few more hours to freedom, if you keep your head. . . ."

IT was Valentina who brought Blake's lunch to the wheelhouse some hours after the fight.

"We did not think you were as hungry for food as you might be for encouragement," she explained. "Jules has told Herriot nothing of the attack. Herriot stays in the saloon with the radio, and Jules does not go near him."

Blake gave a grunt of satisfaction. He said: "I think I can understand that. Jules doesn't want any more killing. He's afraid that Herriot will shoot us all if he finds out we're giving trouble. There's also the fact of the missing gun. The longer he conceals the truth about it, the more trouble with Herriot he can expect if he talks. I think we can count on him to keep quiet as long as we don't make another attempt."

"And are we not going to make another attempt?"

"I don't know yet. It depends on whether I'm able to listen to Radio Grasse this afternoon, and what news there is on the air." He paused and then asked: "How is everyone bearing up?"

Valentina said: "Oh, we are all right. All of us except Laura di Lucca. She still sits in her cabin, talks to no one, and will scarcely eat."

"Sounds bad. I wish there was something we could do for that poor woman."

"There is nothing we can do till we have freed ourselves from Herriot." Valentina looked at Blake with some concern. "But we must do something for you at once. You have a cut over the eye that has bled and could invite awkward questions from Herriot." She took a small bottle of hand cream from a pocket of her dress. "I thought you might have a use for this. If there were some water, I could make you presentable."

"There's coffee in the Thermos. It will do to wash the blood off."

Valentina washed and doctored the cut with care. With their heads close together while she covered his wounds with a layer of hand cream, Blake was again struck with the serene beauty of her face. She was as carefully turned out as she might have been for an evening at Monte Carlo. It occurred to him that he had never seen her looking otherwise.

"There," Valentina said a little later. "You look presentable enough. Keep the left side of your face turned away and you'll be all right." She put the bottle of hand cream back in her pocket. "Is there anything else I can do?"

"Yes," Blake said. "I'm going to

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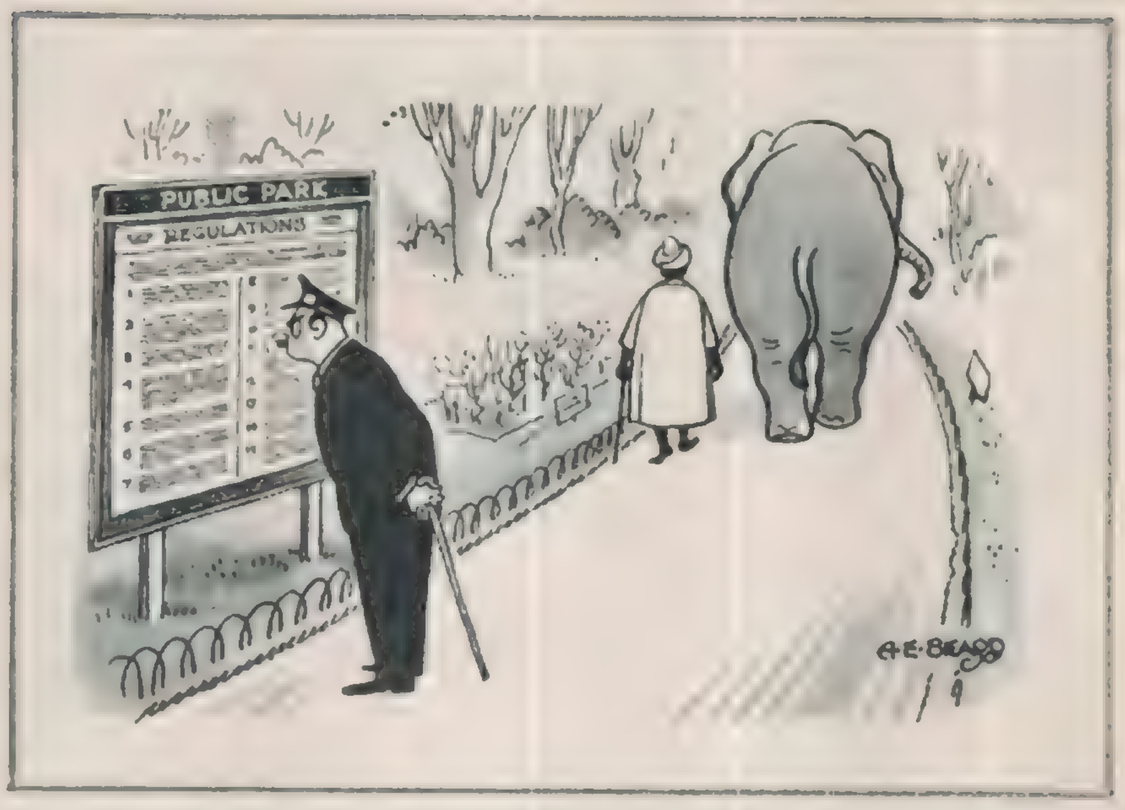

need a lookout this afternoon. It's important that I listen to Radio Grasse."

"I'll send Marian to you. When do you want her?"

Blake looked at the chronometer. Time was rapidly running out. Grasse would broadcast only twice more, at 4.33 and 6.33, before signing off until the following morning.

He hesitated to accept the risk of trying to hear both broadcasts, and decided that the later one would be the better bet. He said: "Just before six thirty. If nothing has happened to us by then we'll have a good chance of surviving the night."

The barometer dropped slowly all the afternoon. So did the thermometer, as the wind, backing into the south-west, strengthened almost to gale force. In mid-afternoon rain began to fall.

The storm did more than cut visibility and speed the Angel northward. Blake's muscles, sore from the severe beating Jules had given him, stiffened with the drop in temperature. By the time Marian arrived he was as concerned over his physical condition as he was with the need to listen to Grasse. If the time came for action, he was in no condition to lead it.

He said: "Where is Herriot now?"

"Still in the saloon. He sits over the radio all the time."

"Jules?"

"I don't know. He's staying out of sight."

Blake frowned. Then he said: "We've still got to expect either one to come up here at any minute. You'll have to man the wheel and keep watch through the after windows at the same time as you watch forward. Herriot comes up over the boatdeck when he comes. Jules might arrive that way or by the for'ard ladder."

His own state of mind was one of wary hope. The fact that the Angel still drove northwards, with Herriot continuously attentive to the radio in the saloon, almost guaranteed that no news of a sea search was on the air. It was still impossible to know if it meant that the ransom had been paid, or that Roche's arrest was being kept secret. But it was bound to be one or the other, unless Roche had somehow failed to present the cheque.

At all events, continued radio silence gave the Angel's passengers a fair chance of reaching Monaco. What might happen there was anyone's guess.

The radio-telephone picked up strong atmospheric interference from the growing storm, but the familiar "*Securité, securité, securité, securité,*" came over clearly enough. A rising-wind warning was followed by the usual list of call letters of vessels invited to open communication with the shore station. The Angel's call was not on the list, nor was her name mentioned.

Blake waited only long enough to hear the announcer sign off. Then he disconnected the set and hid the cable. Radio Grasse would not speak again before morning.

"So far nobody seems to be curious about us, and we're running ahead of schedule," he told Marian. "We should be off Monaco early tomorrow morning. Tell Freddy to keep an eye on the compass in his cabin. If there's more than a small change of course during the night, it will mean that Herriot has heard something on the radio and is running away."

He paused and then added: "The best thing for all of you then is to try to barricade your cabin doors and stay behind them. You may be able to hold out longer than he can afford to spend getting at you."

"And what will you be doing?" Marian demanded.

The unexpected sharpness of her tone surprised Blake. He said: "The best I can in the circumstances."

"As you did with Jules this afternoon."

"I nearly got his gun."

"You nearly got yourself killed. What became of the promise we all made that nobody would do anything reckless without talking to the others first?"

He said patiently: "I'm the captain of this ship. It's my job to try to recover command. The responsibility is mine."

"Responsibility for what? To whom? Your only responsibility is to try to keep yourself alive, like the rest of us. Nobody expects you to be a hero."

"You've changed your mind pretty thoroughly in the last couple of days," Blake said slowly. He was beginning to feel an anger responsive to her own. "Two nights ago you called me a coward because I thought we all had good reason to try to avoid trouble."

"I was wrong. I apologized for saying it. I h-hadn't realized." She was on the verge of angry tears. "You have no need—no right—to put yourself in danger just so that you can prove how wrong I was."

"I'm not trying to prove anything. I'm trying to get us out of the trouble your foolishness got us into."

Having said it, he was instantly, appallingly sorry. It was as if he had struck her across the mouth. Anger and colour faded together from her face. Her lips moved, but no words came.

He said: "I'm sorry. There was no excuse for that." But he knew that no apology would ever remedy the damage his words had done. She turned away, blindly.

"Wait!" He had time to seize her wrist. While she struggled to pull free, her face averted, he said: "We're in this together. We're going to get out of it together. We can't afford to fight each other now. Think what you like about me, but save your fight for Herriot. Do you understand?"

She still fought against him, silently, bitterly. He could not manage her and the wheel together, and had to release her. She ran out of the wheelhouse and he was alone.

Under the storm clouds darkness came early. The hours dragged again until one of the engines began to fire irregularly, skipping and stuttering a counterpoint to the steady purr of its mate. Blake passed uncomfortable

minutes before Jules, in sou'wester and oilskins, came dripping out of the rain to the wheelhouse.

Jules switched on the overhead light to peer at the marks the fight had left on Blake's face. "Your left eye is very bruised," he said worriedly. "You'll have to keep out of the light. Take fifteen minutes this time, and watch out for Herriot. He is prowling somewhere."

"I need more than fifteen minutes," Blake told him. "The fuel strainers are clogging up. I've got to——"

Jules cut him off shortly. "I know how long it takes to clean a strainer. Fifteen minutes. No more."

Blake moved fast. The stuttering engine required the full quarter of an hour and a few minutes more before he had it running smoothly, but Jules was too concerned with bad weather and poor visibility to make an issue of that. When Blake rejoined him in the wheelhouse the Angel was heading squarely across the shipping lanes, a dangerous course in foul weather, and her position off the coast was beyond calculation by dead reckoning in the strong following sea.

"This wind is kicking us along like a sailing boat," Jules grumbled as he surrendered the wheel. "Cut to half speed and keep a sharp eye out."

Blake moved the controls. A blast of wind and moisture from the quickly reclosed door made them both look round. Herriot, in oilskins too big for his small body, said demandingly: "Why have we reduced speed?"

"The wind is giving us a push, and we're in the steamer lanes." Jules reached for the light switch, plunging the wheelhouse into darkness except for the small glow on the compass. "Anyway, we're ahead of schedule."

The oilskins crackled faintly. Herriot said: "When will we arrive?"

"At this speed, around two o'clock. Maybe a little later."

"It must be before two."

Jules grunted. He said: "Open it up, Captain. Not too much."

Blake nudged the controls. The drum of the engines changed again.

Herriot said: "So that you will both know, this is our schedule. At one o'clock, Jules, you will take the wheel. You, Captain, will then bring your passengers one at a time down to their cabins, where you will lock each one in with the key I shall give you in the saloon and which you will bring back to me there. Is that clear?"

"What comes after I've taken them below?" Blake said. "I can get them to their cabins more easily by explaining what it means than by dragging them. What happens after they're locked in?"

Herriot hesitated, considering. Then he said: "Very well. At two o'clock we will be standing off the port of Monaco. Roche will signal on the hour if it is safe for us to go ashore. We will take the launch, and Jules will leave you tied in a way to permit you to work loose after we are ashore. You will then be free to take such steps as you like."

"You might as well shoot us," Blake said bitterly. "In this blow an unmanned craft will drift on the rocks in fifteen minutes and break up in another ten."

Jules said furiously: "Ah, be silent! We will anchor off Monte Carlo beach, then. Do not keep looking for trouble."

"What happens if Roche doesn't signal?"

"It will mean that he has not yet freed himself from the surveillance the Swiss banker will have placed over Farr's hundred thousand dollars. We will wait as long as necessary for the

THE FUTURE—3

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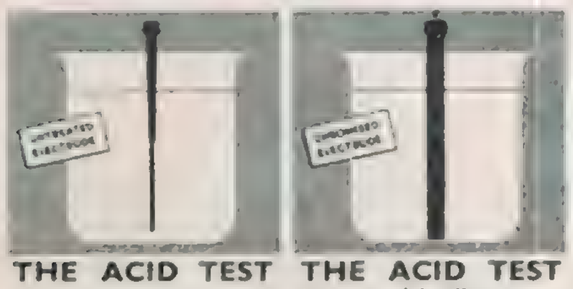

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signal that he has been able to do so."

"What if he never signals?"

The windscreen wiper clacked once, twice, three times. "Don't ever suggest that," Herriot said. "It implies miscalculation. I do not miscalculate."

After giving his orders, Herriot returned to his vigil with the radio in the saloon. Jules grew increasingly restless as the hours passed. He was in and out of the wheelhouse every few minutes until midnight, coming to stand at Blake's elbow, staring intently into the rainy dark.

At one o'clock he said curtly: "Get your friends to their cabins now." He elbowed Blake inside and took the wheel from him as a gesture of dismissal.

Blake left the wheelhouse. Going down the ladder to the main deck he caught a whiff of tobacco smoke, then the gleam of a lighted cigarette reflected on wet oilskin in the shelter made by the bridge wing. He said: "Who is it?"

"Us," Freddy's voice answered. It was more tremulous than usual. "Valentina's here, too. How much longer to go, Jim?"

"We're an hour from port. I've got orders to lock you in your cabins. Where is Herriot?"

"In the saloon."

Blake went aft, his head bent into the blast of wind and rain. In the saloon Herriot was sitting by the radio, The gun that rested in his lap rose to point its warning when Blake opened the door.

Without entering the saloon, Blake said: "Who comes first?"

"Please yourself." Herriot was bent in concentration over the radio. He added: "Close the door." A tinny voice speaking rapid French was just audible over the sounds of the storm.

Blake closed the door and went back to the foredeck. He said: "I had to make sure he was there—I couldn't take the chance of being overheard. Freddy, is there any possibility that your signature trick might not have worked? Could the cheque have been paid after all?"

"I don't see how. The gimmick was the position of the dot. Putting it behind the 'i' gave the tip-off. There's no way of misreading it."

"Could you have been confused yourself, moved it the wrong way?" Blake stood where he could watch the deck. "You were pretty fuzzy."

"Not that fuzzy. What are you driving at?"

"I've had two chances to listen to Grasse, and Herriot has had the radio going off and on for two days, without either of us hearing even a hint that a search is on for the Angel. That means one of three things: Roche never presented the cheque, or it was paid without question, or he's been gathered in and the arrest kept quiet."

"The second one is out," Freddy said reluctantly. "I'd like to believe it might be possible, but it's just out. It couldn't have happened."

Valentina said: "As for the first, Roche's fear of his master might not be enough to keep his courage from failing at the last minute, but it would certainly keep him from returning to Monaco without having made the attempt. If he has not presented the cheque he will not keep the rendezvous."

"No more than he will if he did present the cheque, according to Freddy," Blake said. "So Herriot isn't going to get his signal either way. But in the one case we can hope that the police are in charge and realize the spot we're in, which is good. In the other. . . ."

He hesitated, searching for words to cushion the brutality of the alternative.

Freddy said: "In the other Herriot either starts again from scratch, which will be bad for me, or he writes the whole thing off as a failure, which will be as bad for all of us. Isn't that about it?"

"There's still the possibility that he may get careless before the showdown," Blake said. "I haven't given up hoping for a chance to try for the gun."

"As Bruno did," Valentina said. "Don't risk your life, Captain, until you are sure there is no hope." She added abruptly: "Shall we go to our cabins now?"

"I have to take you one at a time. Herriot's orders."

There was a brief, constrained pause before Freddy spoke up in what failed miserably to be the casual tone he hoped for. "Women and children first doesn't seem to apply on this cruise. Lead the way, Jim. 'Bye, doll!"

Blake moved away, turning his back to give them a moment of privacy. Their embrace was a brief one, but it seemed to buoy Freddy's spirit. He led the way aft himself and did not hesitate at the door of the saloon.

Herriot was beginning to show impatience. He said: "I meant that you might suit yourself in the order of their bringing, Captain, not in the time you might take to do it. If you expect to win something by delaying me it will not be what you hope for."

He tossed Blake a single key which he took from the top of the radio. The muzzle of the automatic followed Blake's movements as he took a step forward to retrieve the key from where it fell short. Herriot did not leave the security of his isolated position by the radio.

The lights were out in Freddy's cabin. Neither overhead light nor reading lamp responded to the switch. Blake felt for the bulbs and found them gone.

"Herriot will have taken them to prevent signalling," he said. "You're going to have to sweat it out in the dark, Freddy. Barricade yourself in. Wedge the door shut with the slats of the blinds and hope."

Freddy hesitated only momentarily to step into the black cell of the cabin. He said: "I've got my fingers crossed," and turned to extend his good hand. "Look out for yourself, Jim."

Blake gripped the outstretched hand, released it and shut the door between them.

The action of turning the key in the lock reminded him of Laura di Lucca. Her cabin key was in the lock. He turned it, pocketed it, and could think of nothing more to do to protect her. It was useless to tell her to barricade herself or even hope to communicate with the mind behind that blank wall of withdrawal.

He had no intention of surrendering the key that kept her safe until a demand was made for it. He returned the key to Freddy's cabin to Herriot, and when the little crook,, as careful to keep his distance as ever, silently jerked the pistol barrel in a peremptory order to hurry in bringing the next captive, he began to hope that his possession of Laura di Lucca's key would be overlooked.

He went back to where Valentina was waiting. In the saloon she watched with her usual cool detachment as Herriot tossed a key, and showed no particular emotion upon learning that her solitary confinement would be in the dark. Her composure did not crack even when she stood inside the cabin. She said: "Good luck, Captain." Her smile was reassuring before Blake locked the door on her.

Herriot still made no demand for the key to Laura di Lucca's cabin when Blake went back to the saloon. He merely repeated the peremptory jerk of the pistol.

Marian alone remained to be brought to her imprisonment.

As Blake led her to Herriot he saw, over her head, a fleeting glimpse of colour. He strained his eyes for a second to verify that it was not his imagination, then led her towards the ladder and her imprisonment. Off the Angel's starboard bow, now briefly visible, now obscured by scud and rain, a faint hazy red eye winked beside a steady green one. Blake and Marian looked at each other, and their lips met.

The end of the cruise, with whatever it meant for Angel's captives, was in sight. . . .

The port beacons were still two or three miles away when Herriot gave orders for the engines to be throttled down. The Angel had been wholly dark for half an hour, without running lights or interior illumination. So that he and Herriot could see better from the wheelhouse with the binoculars they both carried, Jules had switched off even the binnacle lamp and the shielded glow of the instrument panel.

Blake, again at the wheel, needed neither compass nor instruments in those familiar waters.

From the direction in which the binoculars were pointed, Jules and Herriot looked towards the tumbled rocks where Jules had put Roche ashore near Monte Carlo beach. Once Herriot asked the time. Jules lit a match, cupping the flame in his big hands, and blew it quickly out again.

He said: "Nearly two."

"How near?"

"Five minutes."

HERRIOT turned to Blake. "Run in closer, Captain. Slowly. I'll tell you when to stop."

Blake put way on the cruiser at half speed. A moment later Jules said nervously: "We're inside the capes."

"What of it?" Herriot snapped. Then he lowered his binoculars with a snarl of irritation at his inability to see through the blurred windscreen. He said: "That will do, Captain. Hold us as we are."

Rain and wind still defeated his attempts to see clearly. He sent Jules out on the pitching bridge wing to try for a better sight shoreward. The sailor came back almost immediately, cursing the moisture that filmed his binocular lenses.

"It's like looking through a waterfall," he grumbled. "There's no signal. He won't try to make it tonight. We'd better lay out to sea until the storm clears, and come in tomorrow night."

"Go in closer, Captain," Herriot said.

"Hold it!" Jules's increasing nervousness made the counter-command a bark. "You're just asking for trouble. There's no safe place to land a boat in this gale, even if we do get a signal. Lay out to sea until tomorrow night."

"I said we were going in closer." Herriot's voice cracked like a whip in the darkened wheelhouse. He swung round on Blake again. "Don't make me repeat my orders, Captain."

Blake reached for the throttles. He knew that time was running out fast now. The showdown was at hand; and he knew that, when it came, he and no one else had got to tackle Herriot. Even if it meant a bullet. . . .

To be concluded next week

Responsibility

by GORDON P. WALLACE

Every man-jack is on trial for his life,
For the sins of the pack and its ding-dong strife:
The bruises on the donkey;
Music in the wrong key;
Who's to blame?
Me.

Each man's soul is his own to possess;
Each man's sins are his own to confess:
The sobs and tears of Mrs. Jones;
Her children's bent and rickety bones;
Who's to blame?
Jones.

Old man Jones is on trial for his life,
For the sins of the pack and its ding-dong strife:
The misery and the shame;
Jones is to blame.
Who's Jones?
You.

... and now the

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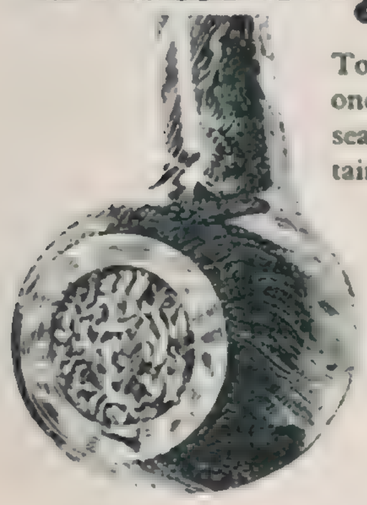

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[NCT 94]

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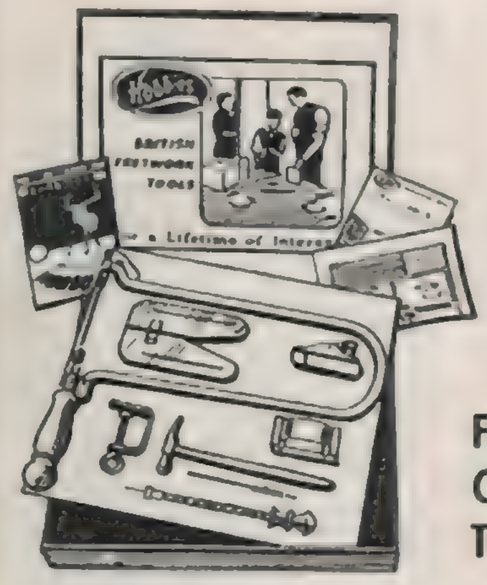

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Book of honour

Continued from page 13

you first allowed me credit. It is—what is the phrase?—a labour of love."

"Don't be too long finishing it," I said.

"Look forward to the day when Krishna begins to work with me," he answered. . . .

It was at a period of great crisis, when Gandhi was at the height of his power, that I met Baburao and Krishna near Crawford Market. The boy was nearly ten. I had never taken to him, but exerted myself to be friendly.

"Hallo, Krishna," I said, after greeting his father. "How are you?"

He stared at me with great, dark eyes; and he said, slowly and deliberately: "Bloody Englishman."

The pain in Baburao's eyes gave me my first hint of his tragedy. It was a long time before I realized the truth: that his son had been born evil, as Baburao had been born good.

Nevertheless, Baburao was flourishing. He had moved from the banana-frond hut, first into a flat and then into a big, rambling old bungalow near the museum. Occasionally I spent an evening there, but the atmosphere was never really happy. Krishna, young though he was, spoiled it by sitting and staring at me as if in contempt. So, more often, Baburao came to me.

He no longer needed advice about books; he had five shops and as many stands, and was one of the biggest booksellers in the city. Practically all of his assistants came from the famine camps, and he spent much time and money in relief work.

The only time I really saw him angry was when he discovered dope pedlars busy in a camp. The hungry and the hopeless were easy victims of dope traffickers, and money desperately needed for food, clothes and children was spent on the vile stuff, which gave an illusion of happiness and yet sent men to hell. . . .

And then the nightmare came—partition.

Hordes of refugees, turned out of Pakistan, strained the resources of Bombay and brought a plague of disease and despair. It was horror.

Day after day, Baburao worked until he dropped. By now, Krishna was working in the business, and showed his remarkable maturity by

THE FUTURE—4

Those who live for the future must always appear selfish to those who live for the present.

R. W. Emerson

taking his father's place when Baburao was out on relief work. He was studiously polite to me, but I was sure that his dislike was as bitter as ever. His eyes still had a burning defiance which mingled with arrogance. Against his father's wishes he had given up the dhoti—which Baburao always wore—for western clothes.

Rama, the second boy, was very different. Willing, eager and gay, he made up in friendliness what he lacked in experience. I came to know him well enough to ask him: "What doesn't Krishna like about me, Rama?"

The boy hesitated before answering quickly: "It is not you alone, Mr. Graham. It is any friend of our father."

Then he went on to talk freely, worriedly. Krishna was bitter and aloof with his father, he had a cruel streak, and loved to hurt—animals, insects, his brother, his servants. Rama gave depth to the picture I had always imagined of Krishna. I feared . . . . well, I don't know what I feared for Baburao.

I did not fear the worst, but it came.

In business, Krishna soon proved his brilliance. More and more was left to him. While Baburao worked for the refugees, his son became master of the complex working of a firm with thirty branches, mostly in Bombay, but some in Delhi, Calcutta and Madras. His father could take pride in him, yet be afraid.

One evening, Baburao came to me, relaxed in a long chair, and watched me drink my whisky — he himself neither drank nor smoked. Obviously he was happier than he had been for a long, long time, and I felt reassured.

"I think I shall be able to finish the book before long," he told me. "I shall soon have more time. A miracle is happening, Malcolm. At last Krishna has seen what urges me to work for the poor. You will never guess what he has started to do."

"I won't try," I said.

"Imagine this, then—he has started libraries. Travelling libraries, which go to the camps and lend books to those who can read. Malcolm"—Baburao sat up, almost excited—"you know and I know that the greatest evil we have to fight is that of drugs. Can the people be blamed for taking refuge in them when their life is such a misery? Can they?"

"We've agreed about that before," I said, "but how does Krishna's new idea affect that?"

"But it is obvious. Those who can will read aloud to their families, there will be something new to fill their minds, a fresh interest, a great distraction. First a few and gradually many will be wooed away from drugs. Many who would start taking them will never do so. Why, this could be the weapon to attack illiteracy, to begin a thirst for knowledge."

I had never seen him so pleased—and, oddly, I had never been filled with such disquiet. But I could not say a word to spoil Baburao's dream.

Soon afterwards I was called unexpectedly to London, and was away for two months. I would have stayed longer, but a letter from a mutual friend in Bombay worried me.

"Baburao looks as if he is going mad," he wrote. "He hasn't said a word to any of us, but I'm sure he would talk to you."

I flew back to Bombay. Within an hour, Baburao was with me, looking old and broken, and with the shadow of dread in his eyes.

"But what is it?" I demanded. "What's done all this?"

"It is Krishna," he said brokenly. "It is my first-born, born also of the Devil."

He could hardly bring himself to tell me the truth—that Krishna was using the travelling libraries, the bookstands and some of the shops for distributing cocaine and heroin to the people of the crowded camps.

Baburao had proof, and Krishna admitted it.

"Help me, Malcolm," he begged. "Tell me what I must do. He hates me. Understand, he hates me. He has no shame."

I could find nothing to say. He stood gazing down at me, and I wished I could not see into his eyes.

"You say nothing, but you think much—and I know what you think," he said. "That I can defeat this by going to the police. I can betray my son as he has betrayed me." He clenched his fists. "They are the thoughts in your mind, Malcolm. Admit it."

I said, slowly, painfully: "Yes, Baburao. You would spend a fortune hounding down anyone else who did this. Will you let Krishna undo everything that you and others have done?"

He whispered: "He is my son. I cannot betray my son."

The hurt went almost as deep with me as with him. But I had to say: "The one certain thing is that you must stop it. Not soon—but now!"

I took him home and as I turned away and walked blindly towards the gate, another car pulled up. Light from a lamp fell on Krishna's face.

He watched me, gloating. I could strike him, and it would be senseless. I could shout at him, and it would add to his sadistic triumph.

But I could not go away without

trying to hurt him. As I approached, I asked: "Why?"

He said: "I am myself and he is himself."

"I am his friend," I said, "and I can do what he cannot—I can go to the police."

Krishna's expression did not change. He said: "Go to them, by all means. They will find that everything I have done has been approved—by my father. Without reading them, he has signed many letters which I have placed before him, and so I have made sure that he cannot drag me down without dragging himself down. I am going to tell him that now. Be good enough to let me pass."

I waited outside when he had gone. There would be awful despair when he faced his father, and I did not believe that Baburao's wife, or Rama, or his other son could help. So I had to go to Baburao. I went back to the house and rang the bell, and waited for a long time before the door opened.

Rama stood there. "Mr. Graham...." His voice was hoarse and frightened. "They are together, now."

"I'll go in," I said. "Tell no one."

He stood aside. Baburao's room was on the left of a narrow hall, and there was a light under the door. I heard voices as I opened the door softly and stepped in.

Baburao echoed the question I had asked in a voice so quiet that I thought his spirit was already dead. He said, in a voice that was little more than a whisper: "You have not told me why, my son."

"I am myself and you are yourself, that is why," Krishna said. "But I am not here to talk of that. I tell you again that if you go to the police, you will bring ruin on yourself. It is done so that both of us must be free or both must be damned. There is no way out, and you will do as I do."

His voice held no expression, he was so sure of himself. As they stood there, Krishna in western clothes, his father in his long black jacket and dhoti, they looked strangely alike.

"So there is no way out," said Baburao, and he smiled.

"Therefore I shall not seek a way out," he went on. "You are right, my son. I have wasted too much energy on attempting the impossible. I shall not do that again." He moved, turning away from me, and neither knew that I was there. He went to a low table by the books and picked up the telephone, standing erect and smiling at Krishna.

Krishna moved, and his voice lost its calm. "What are you doing?"

"Can you not guess?" asked Baburao softly. "I am calling the police, my son. I could not and would not betray you alone, but I can confess for both of us. We have never really been together, but we shall be together now. Your crime is mine from now on; my punishment will also be yours."

For a moment, Krishna was stunned to silence. So was I. But the sublime expression on Baburao's face could not last; exaltation would surely die.

Then Krishna moved. "Come away." He moved forward, hand outstretched, shouting. "You old fool, that won't help either you or me, it——"

"I would like to talk to Mr. Patel—the Mr. Patel in the Unlawful Drugs Division, please," Baburao said into the telephone. "Tell him that——"

Krishna reached out and wrenched the telephone away, but I moved, too. I struck Krishna a blow that knocked him off his feet, sent him crashing against the bookcase and then on to the floor. It was a golden moment.

Baburao recognized me as he backed away in alarm. He began to smile again, retrieved the telephone and said: "*You* won't try to stop me, Malcolm."

"I won't stop you," I said. "Just go ahead. . . ."

I TOLD the police what Baburao and Krishna had said to me. That was easy. I made Rama and another son break the vow of silence that their father had imposed on them. That was with the help of priests, and was much more difficult.

But perhaps my only true victory, won without help and over the mind of a man, was in my struggle with Baburao. I broke through the barrier of his absurd but noble folly, and when he came to trial his plea was "not guilty." So was the verdict of the jury. But there was no mercy for his son. . . .

Outwardly, after that, Baburao looked much older, but also more serene. I was never quite sure that he knew peace, and even wondered if he felt that I had made him betray himself, until the day, not long ago, when he brought the book.

It was a heavy book, bound in fine leather and with much beautiful scroll-work and heavy parchment pages. Without speaking he handed it to me, and without speaking I opened it at the first page.

Fastened to it was an old, yellowing sheet of paper; the unsettled account of many years ago. I turned the page. The next was headed: "To remind you of trust you showed without good reason."

At the bottom, two hundred-rupee notes were fastened. Two more were on the next page, dated three months later. Two more on each succeeding page at three-monthly intervals; many, many thousands of rupees, with entries in Baburao's own hand, telling of some talk between us, recording the history of nearly thirty years, not only of Baburao Munshi & Son, but of our friendship.

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The riddle of Dinah Raffles

Continued from page 29

not know, but suddenly my eyes were wide open. Through the porthole, I could see a scatter of distant stars. I was listening intently. There was the deep beat of the engines, the hiss and slur of the sliding water, the slight vibration of a tooth-glass in its bracket. No other sound. Tension was beginning to relax in me when a silent, hooded shadow blotted out the porthole and the stars, and remained there—motionless.

My heart gave a great thump. "Who's there?" I said hoarsely.

I heaved myself up on an elbow, turned up the blue speck of the lamp. The light bloomed, dazzling me. I put up an arm to shade my eyes.

Standing near the foot of the bunk was a figure wearing a hooded cape of deep blue velvet. "You wanted to talk to me privately?" a voice whispered. Slim hands reached up to put back the hood. I saw a girl's face, clean-cut as a cameo. Clear grey eyes, dark-lashed, looked at me levelly. "You're my brother's friend. So I came as soon as I could—Bunny," said Dinah.

I gaped at her. I felt as if I were dreaming. "But, Miss Raffles!" I said. "Dinah! To come here! To my cabin! I didn't mean——"

"Oh, I know," she said. "But where else could we meet privately? There's somebody—a Graham Forbes—I have a reason for not wanting him to know about you. Where else but here could we meet without his getting to hear of it? On ships, everyone gets to hear everything."

"What of it?" I said. "Forbes or no Forbes, you've evidently read your brother's letter; you know I'm his closest friend——"

"Which would be enough," she said, "to make Graham quite wildly jealous. He's like that, Bunny, and I don't want to—upset him."

"Dinah," I said dryly, "I begin to think my dropping on you out of a clear sky must seem an unwelcome complication."

"Oh, don't say that, Bunny," she said, but she gave me an unfathomable look.

I remembered that I was sitting up in my bunk clad only in my night-clothes. I reached out for my smoking-jacket and donned it. "This is hardly the time or place I had in mind for our talk," I said, "but since you've chosen it—won't you sit down?"

"Thank you, Bunny," she said, and, drawing her cape about her, she seated herself on the one small upholstered stool. Her clear grey eyes met mine. Her brows, a shade darker than her hair, subtly reminded me of A. J.'s.

"Dinah," I said, "did Raffles make any recommendations in his letter?"

She hesitated. Then she said: "He told me that he would like me to be guided by you in all respects."

"And how do you feel about that Dinah?" I asked.

"Why, of course, Bunny," she said. "I shall be very happy to be guided by you."

IT was my cue to get to grips with the Graham Forbes entanglement. I told her what the assistant purser, in view of my status as brother-by-proxy, very properly had seen fit to confide in me about Graham Forbes. I mentioned the unfortunate Mary Moore and rather cruelly rubbed in the sufferings Forbes's unfortunate wife must endure. I pulled out all the stops.

Dinah, sitting on the stool, chin propped on her palm, never took her eyes off me. I waited for her to speak. Had I seen tears in her eyes, I should have been embarrassed but, taking them to be a sign that I had impressed her, not ungratified. Instead, gazing at me meditatively, she put a hand to some pocket in the silken lining of her cape and drew out a little gold comfit box. Opening it, disclosing some small squares of Turkish Delight, she offered it to me absently. "Sweet, Bunny?" she said.

I was dumbfounded. To the very life, it was the gesture with which countless times I had seen A. J. Raffles, when deep in thought and having heard scarcely a word of some theory or protest I had been earnestly advancing, take out his cigarette-case and offer me a Sullivan, saying absently: "Smoke, Bunny?"

I shook my head, and Dinah, gazing into space, nibbled meditatively at a piece of Turkish Delight. "Bunny," she said, at last, "I feel sure there's a great deal in what you say. Perhaps I've been very silly. If I tell you that I shall be happy to be guided by you in *principle*, and make a clean break from Graham, will you be happy if I handle the *detail* of it in my own way?"

My spirits rose. "But of course," I assured her. "After all, the matter's highly personal."

"Then will you please," she said, "promise to behave for the present just as though you don't know me at all? That's just part of the detail, Bunny. In principle, I'm being guided by you."

"In that case," I said, suddenly feeling hugely relieved, "I promise willingly."

She gave me a grateful look and, rising, drew up her hood, preparatory to departure. "What a wonderful talk we've had!" she said. "And we're friends now, aren't we? I'm so glad. Good night—Bunny."

"Good night, Dinah," I said. "God bless you."

She opened the door a crack, peered out along the corridor, smiled at me once, most sweetly, then was gone. I expelled a long breath of relief and satisfaction and, well pleased with the progress I had made, was just leaning back against the pillows when I remembered the disturbing manner in which Dinah had got in touch with me. The belated thought struck me that I ought really to assure myself that she got back safely to her cabin, one never knowing what inebriates from the smoking-saloon might be reeling and grimacing about the companionways of a liner at night.

I pulled on my trousers hastily and stepped out into the corridor just in time to see Dinah turn the corner into one of the main corridors running fore and aft. I followed.

The wider corridor, along which Dinah's slim, hooded figure was hurrying, was lighted by dim safety-lamps spaced at wide intervals. For'ard, where the corridor opened into a small foyer, I saw her pause to reconnoitre the foyer before crossing it.

Not wishing, if seen, to appear to be dogging her, I, too, paused to reconnoitre the foyer before crossing it. And I saw fall across it a man's shadow, queerly slanted. I peered up obliquely to my right and saw a man standing on the companion stairs, craning far over the banister to look along the corridor after Dinah. Suddenly he darted down the stairs, across the foyer, and, flattening himself against the wall, watched Dinah round the angle of it.

Some way along the corridor, Dinah opened a cabin door and went in. Instantly, the watcher across the foyer walked forward along the corridor and paused outside Dinah's cabin. He seemed to verify the number on the door, then turned and came walking back to the foyer.

I, too, stepped into the foyer. I was angry and disturbed. I had half a mind to accost and question the man, but I feared it might start an altercation which would involve Dinah in scandal. I just took a good look at the chap as we passed in the foyer, and gave him a perfunctory, "'Night."

"'Night to you," he replied.

He was the lean, grey-haired, hard-looking customer who had been raking in the chips at poker in the smoking-saloon. I realized he must have been coming down from a late sitting when he had spotted Dinah. He looked dangerous to me, and I did not like the slight, grim smile on his face.

I returned to my own cabin mystified and uneasy. During the long weeks of the voyage from Australia, Dinah seemed to have become involved not only with one, but with two men. She was beginning to seem something of a riddle to me. What the truth was, I could not imagine.

BY a bit of luck, the first person I saw when I went on deck early next morning was my friend the assistant purser. He was strolling up and down smoking a before-breakfast pipe, and I fell in with him, for I wanted to ask him about the grey-haired poker-player.

But before I could do so, and as we reached the for'ard rail and were about to turn to retrace our leisurely steps aft, the assistant purser paused. "There she is," he said. "Girl I told you about, Mr. Manders. Mary Moore."

The deck below was thronged with third-class saloon passengers. Standing alone by the capstan right up in the bows was a slender, dark-haired girl.

"I'm sorry for that kid," the assistant purser said grimly. "Look at her there. Probably thinking of what lies ahead of her at the end of this voyage. No money, no job, a London winter. Pretty different from the prospect she was going out to. Just one little mistake—listening to a smooth charmer like Forbes—and there she is. Not a prospect in the world." He shook his head. "And you can't tell 'em."

As we turned to retrace our steps aft, the grey-haired poker-player stepped out on the deck in front of us. He wore a white pongee suit. He walked across to lean with folded arms on the rail.

"Who's that party?" I muttered.

"Now, there's another," said the assistant purser. "His name's Ben Galley. He's a card-sharper. I know it but can't prove it. Heaven knows I've dropped enough hints to passengers not to play with him, but it's a waste of breath. They won't be told, Mr. Manders."

"Have you noticed him show any interest in Miss Raffles?" I asked uneasily.

"Come to think of it," he said, "he tried damned hard to ingratiate himself both with her and with Forbes. Forbes cold-shouldered him, having no interest in anyone but Miss Raffles. What made you ask, Mr. Manders?"

But I nudged him. Dinah and Forbes had come out on deck just ahead. Extraordinary girl! She looked as cool, as fresh, as limpid as the morning. She gave the assistant purser a reserved, charming smile, but her grey eyes committed upon myself an act of cool oblivion. . . .

That night I was leaning gloomily on the rail of the boat-deck when I heard the approach of idling footsteps, and a voice murmured, "One of the protected ones——"

I glanced over my shoulder, to see the shadowy forms of Dinah and Forbes, arm in arm, strolling by.

"Remember, Dinah?" Forbes was saying. "The gipsy girl at Naples? You're alone in the world, my dear. What is there for you in London but disappointment and heartbreak? Confound it, Dinah—" his tone grew ardent, urgent—"why not sail with me from Lisbon? I can make you in sober fact, if you choose, 'one of the protected ones' of this world. I have the means, Dinah, you know it. There's nothing I can't give you."

His lying voice faded as they passed. I was burning with rage, but I had promised Dinah to let her handle the detail of her break with him in her

MY SISTER Ann

WHEN the last war broke out Ann was three and I was seven. We were evacuated to a farm near Stowmarket in Suffolk. She made friends there with a girl named Jean and they used to dare each other to get to the top of a haystack.

This seemed to me to be most dangerous and I tried to stop her, but Ann never knew fear, and one day she climbed to the top of the ladder against the stack. As she reached the pinnacle, the stack gave way and she crashed to the ground. Fortunately for her there was some hay around and she did not hurt herself, but such an experience could well have made her afraid of heights for ever.

The reverse seemed to have been the case, because whenever there was a dangerous wall or parapet, Ann was first to scramble up it and she could look down from the dizziest heights without being afraid.

Ann was nine when she became friendly with a boy named Christopher. She was so devoted to him that she often waded out into the middle of a river to set his line for him when he was fishing. She would go right in up to her chin, and if she had stepped into a hole she would certainly have been drowned.

The first time she went into the sea was at Jaywick, in Essex, where she taught herself the dog paddle. I thought at first that swimming was just a passing craze, but Ann used to go determinedly every week on Tuesdays. I remember her leaving a jolly children's party in the middle just because it was time for her to go to the local pool at Ilford, where we lived.

She used to run and jump off the side of the pool—sometimes backwards—in dives which she now knows to be exceedingly dangerous, and when she was eleven she dived off the ten-metre board. One day a member of the Ilford Swimming Club saw her antics and asked my father if she would like to join the club. That was the start of Ann's career.

It has always seemed incredible to me that my little sister Ann should have become famous, and for a long time I was rather patronizing about it, although it was always fun to see her name in the papers. When she started winning competitions she was invited to the social events that went with the championships.

But she was really only a little eleven-year-old girl and when we asked her to dance she hid under the table. It was the only time I have known Ann to be frightened.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS SISTER? See page 45

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own way, and I was about to step out and beat a retreat when here they came again, strolling back past me, and I heard Forbes saying earnestly: "But of course! What else? Of course I'm talking of marriage——"

"It's impossible, Graham," I heard Dinah say. "It's quite impossible."

"But why, Dinah? Why?"

I waited with relish for her to give it to him straight from the shoulder that she knew very well he already had a wife. Instead, she said, "Because the real reason I'm going to London, Graham, is—to be married."

I wondered if I had heard aright. I was utterly bewildered.

"Oh," I heard her say, "I know I ought to have told you long ago, Graham—right at the beginning of our—our—what I thought was our mere flirtation. I feel so ashamed, now."

"Confound it," Forbes said, "who are you going to marry?"

They had paused. "Does it matter?" she said, rather listlessly. "*I* call him Bunny."

At this, I wondered if my hearing or merely my reason were deserting me.

"You don't love him," Forbes said violently. "You love me, Dinah, and you're coming with me. Forget London. Forget him—this Bunny——"

"It's not so simple, Graham," she said. "I promised. I gave him my word. He's waiting there in London for me. It's all arranged——"

Suddenly enlightenment flashed upon me. She *was* making her break. She would not tell him she knew that he was trying to deceive her, that he already had a wife. No, she was punishing him, instead, where it would hurt most, in his jealous possessiveness. There was another man waiting for her. . . .

"To hell with him!" Forbes said. "Dinah, send him a cable from Marseilles tomorrow."

"I can't, Graham. It's out of the question. Don't ask me. I owe so much to Bunny. I'm so deeply committed, so much in his debt. My fare to England, my bills in Australia that he arranged for his solicitors to settle up for me. Oh, I *can't* desert him, Graham. Truly, it's unthinkable. I. . . ." Then they passed from my view.

IN Marseilles harbour next morning, as I shaved, still thinking about this, a knock sounded on my door. A steward entered, handed me a note. I motioned him to wait and, all lathered as I was, tore open the envelope.

The note was from Dinah:

Dear Bunny,

The ship sails again at six this evening. I am so glad to have been guided by you, and I am making a clean break, as you so wisely advise. So as to make it *quite* irrevocable, I have made up my mind to leave the ship altogether, here at Marseilles.

I think I must have the same feeling as A. J., who says in his letter to me that there are times when he simply doesn't know what he would do without you. For, Bunny—may I count on your escort overland to London? If so, perhaps you would be so very kind as to book a room for me, just for tonight, at the Hôtel du Monde here, in the rue de la Canibière, and meet me there some time during the afternoon?

My brother, in his letter, tells me that I can always "confidentially count on Bunny"—and indeed, I am doing so.

Your affectionate friend,

DINAH RAFFLES.

This was highly satisfactory to me and, thinking I would scribble her a line to assure her of my compliance with her wishes, I asked the steward: "Is Miss Raffles in her cabin?"

"No, sir," he said. "She went ashore about ten minutes ago."

"Indeed?" I said, surprised. "With her luggage?"

"Oh, no, sir," said the steward. "Just sightseeing. She went with Mr. Forbes."

The day darkened for me. I could see no sense in this. If she had made her break with Forbes, what rhyme or reason was there in waltzing off on another shore excursion with the man?

"But we were just coming to pay *you* a surprise visit"

At all events, there was nothing for it but to pack my traps and go to the Hôtel du Monde on the sweltering Canibière, crowded with carriages, thundering drays and clanging little yellow two-horse tramcars. I reserved her a room; and, in deference to the conventions, I conveyed my own traps to another hotel nearby.

Here I had a surprise, for, as I entered, I saw a slender, dark-haired girl, pretty but with a worried, preoccupied expression, just turning away from the desk, with a pageboy carrying her valises. I thought I recognized her; and, sure enough, on my signing the register, I saw that the last entry was "Mary Moore—British."

I lunched on *bouillabaisse* and at two o'clock went to the Hôtel du Monde. It looked to me a very average kind of fleabag, but I sat waiting in its dim foyer until well past five.

Then an appalling suspicion began to shape in my mind. Suppose that in the end Dinah had had the reckless folly to yield to Forbes's persuasions? Suppose her note to me had been a trick designed to rid herself of a hampering complication? Suppose her object was *to leave me behind*?

The idea sent a hot wave of panic over me. I snatched out my watch. I sprang to my feet. It was just on six. Sailing time! At that very moment, the deep siren-boom of a departing liner sounded to me across the flat roof-tops of this alien city. I stood there stunned.

Then the bead curtain hanging in the street doorway was swept aside—and Dinah Raffles walked in.

She was followed by a cabman carrying her portmanteaux. In her cool, composed way, Dinah glanced round the foyer. She saw me standing there staring, and she came to me, smiling, and gave me her hand.

"I see A. J. was right," she said, "when he told me to count on you. Will you see me to my room, please, Bunny? I have something to say to you."

The porter carried her luggage upstairs, and unlocked the door of Dinah's room. I was too relieved by her arrival to take issue with her incorrigible disregard of normal convention. I tipped the porter heavily and explained to him that I had news from England to discuss with the lady. I was embarrassed by the inimitably Gallic look he gave me; but this was Marseilles, and he left us without demur, closing the door behind him.

I turned to Dinah. In the dim, hot room, with its closed shutters, she made a cool and graceful figure, not a hair of her fair head out of place, the tiny black velvet bow neat at her nape.

I moved to throw open the shutters, but she stayed me with a light hand on my arm. "Not just yet, Bunny," she said, and she smiled. "I've been guided so wonderfully by you, and I've made a *clean break* just as you advised—but there's a tiny little complication come up. Do you think that presently, just for a few seconds, you could manage to look thoroughly grim and formidable?"

As she asked this surprising question, she was unstrapping one of her portmanteaux. She raised the lid, took out something that jingled.

"When I was a small girl—oh, eleven, twelve, thirteen, Bunny," she said, "I used to go about with my poor old guardian, W. F. Raffles, on his bank-inspecting rounds. It was lonely for him, driving his horse-and-trap all by himself, so I often went along. Because of the possibility of bushrangers he always went armed—and he carried these things, too. I kept them as a memento of him, for I loved him dearly. I never dreamed they'd come in useful one day."

She turned to me, holding, of all things, a pair of handcuffs. Before I realized what she was about, she snapped one cuff on to my left wrist and the other on to her own right wrist. Lightly but firmly, she steered me to a position behind one of the window curtains.

"There, that's splendid, Bunny," she said. "Don't make a sound till I give a little twitch on the handcuffs, then just step out, looking grim, and with your right hand in your pocket, and say harshly, 'Right! That's enough!' You see? And now I stand with my back to the curtain edge, looking toward the door—like this, you see—and my right hand a bit behind me, so that the handcuff won't be seen. There, now we're just right. All we have to do is wait."

In all my felonious experience with A. J. Raffles, never had I known the like of this with his sister Dinah. The dim, hot room was still. The pulse throbbed a measured beat in my temples.

SUDDENLY I became aware of footsteps approaching along the landing. Steady, unhurried, somehow sinister, on they came. They stopped. On the door of the room fell three distinct, deliberate knocks.

"*Entrez*," Dinah called in her clear voice.

I heard the door open slowly, close slowly. I chewed my lip. In the room, silence stretched interminably. Then a man's flat voice said: "Frightened, Miss Raffles? You look kind of frightened, standing there."

Dinah did not speak, did not stir. A bead of sweat trickled down my face.

"Nothing to say?" said the man. "Beauty and brains *and* a still tongue? You're a wonder. Honest, I mean it, I really do. Mind if I light a cheroot? I've had sort of a hard day—following Miss Raffles and Mr. Forbes around Marseilles."

I peered down at Dinah's manacled hand. It was perfectly still but tightly clenched, the knuckles white. I heard the scrape of a match, caught a whiff of smoke.

"Did you know," said the man's voice, "that I'd marked Forbes as my meat within a few days of our sailing from Sydney? I reckoned to relieve him of some of his excess funds—at poker. Could I get him in a game? Not a hope! All he had time for was a slip of a girl with fair hair and a bit of black velvet ribbon in it. Kind of lady-like and elegant. Lady born, in fact. That's what she seemed to me, at any rate. Until I discovered that she'd suddenly taken to slipping down to the third class, very clandestine, to talk to a girl down there called Mary Moore. Now, what did that mean?"

He chuckled.

"I couldn't find out," he said. "But just last night I had a bit of luck. Spotted you and Forbes right up for'ard on the boat-deck. It was nice and dark, and I got close enough to hear a thing or two. Very interesting! I heard Forbes begging and imploring you to let him give you fifteen hundred pounds to pay off an indebtedness you reckoned you'd incurred to some man in London—an obligation that, you felt, compelled you to keep a promise to marry him."

A bead of sweat trickled down my face. I realized that Ben Galley must have overheard the continuation of the conversation of which I had heard the beginning.

"Forbes wanted you to run away with him," said Galley. "But no, you felt too bound and beholden to the man in London. Only, somehow, in the end you kind of let Forbes talk you round. Didn't you?

"Only, Ben Galley—Ben was curious to know more about all this. So he followed you and Forbes ashore today. Off you went in a victoria to the Credit Lyonnais, where he drew fifteen hundred pounds, in hundred-pound notes, on a letter of credit—to square the debt to the would-be bridegroom in London.

"Then off to the Post and Telegraphs and, while he waits in the victoria, in you go—to seal the notes into an official registration envelope and send it off insured, with a line to tell the poor fellow in London he'd lost you.

"But did you in fact send off that

MY SISTER ANN
See page 43

Ann Long, Britain's Olympic diving-star, is Norman Long's famous sister

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money? Not you! You came out with that money still in your purse, and off you went with Forbes on a day's sightseeing, with poor Ben Galley following along. Eh?"

He laughed aloud.

"And then what?" he asked. "Why, you got back to the ship, all hot and done up from sightseeing; and you both went down to your cabins for a nice leisurely bath and change before the dinner bugle went. But what happens? Five minutes later, up on deck you come, with a steward carrying your baggage. And you quit the ship for keeps, just as they're getting ready to remove the gangway for sailing."

A TRAMCAR'S bell clanged sharply under the window.

"And when he realizes what's happened," said Ben Galley, "he'll keep very, very mum, will the rich irresistible Mr. Forbes, because this is the story he wouldn't like his wife in the Argentine to hear about.

"And so here's Ben, Miss Raffles. When I saw you nip down the gangway, baggage and all, I wasn't far behind—baggage and all. I followed you here. Didn't expect that, did you?"

He was wrong, I knew. Dinah had known.

"I've got a proposition," said Galley. "I can't imagine where in the world you got that 'waiting bridegroom' story, but it has possibilities. With your looks and that fairy-tale and my poker, we can make a tidy pile, you and me, travelling the world. In partnership. Me the senior partner and banker. *And* banker, Miss Raffles! So just fork over the fifteen hundred, for a start. Let's have the money, dear."

Dinah did not stir, did not say a word. My heart thumped. All the time, the light filtering between the slats of the shutters was fading.

"Stubborn?" said Ben Galley. "Clever girl like you?" Into his voice crept an uglier, a colder note. "You know better than that, surely—a girl with your gifts. Have you forgotten where you are? Marseilles, my dear! La Canibière, my dear! Do you know their reputation? You've been clever, you've taken risks, but you've manoeuvred yourself into kind of a nasty corner, d'you know? Strange things can happen in Marseilles to young ladies who take risks, Miss Dinah Raffles."

I felt a twitch of the handcuff at my wrist. Instantly, with my right hand jammed forward in my pocket, I

stepped out sharply from behind the curtain. "Right!" I said. "That's enough."

Dinah, looking at Ben Galley, gave a slight shrug and lifted her hand so that he could not fail to see that she was handcuffed to me. The effect upon Galley was electrifying. He took just one horrified look at the handcuffs, then spun round, yanked open the door, slammed it behind him. The sound of his running footsteps receded rapidly along the landing.

"Bunny!" said Dinah. Her voice shook. "Oh, Bunny! Bunny, you make a wonderful detective. He thinks he talked too much, and he won't stop running for a month."

She was laughing. Yet, in the twilit room, I had an impression that there was a tremor in her mirth. She had outwitted Galley. Without one word, by the simple gesture of lifting her hand so that he saw the handcuffs, she had outwitted him. Yet I knew intuitively that she had been terrified of the man, for she was only a girl, after all—a young and human girl. And somehow, my unfettered arm was about her slim shoulders, patting them, seeking to comfort her, to soothe her.

"Dinah, my dear——" I was profoundly shaken by what I had heard. "The risks you've run——"

"But I had to, Bunny," she said, "because of the ribbon shop."

"Ribbon shop?" I said blankly.

"Mary Moore's ribbon shop," said Dinah. "You see, I was quite ready to be friends with Graham Forbes at first. I quite liked him. But when the assistant purser spoke to me about him, and when I slipped down and talked to Mary, and heard how Forbes had lied to her and cheated her, I was furious.

"And I was worried about Mary because she seemed so sort of broken, no heart for anything, and nothing to go to, and no money, and I was afraid of what might become of her. So I asked her if she would like to have a little ribbon shop, and she said she would. Well, it seemed to me, Bunny, that the very least Forbes owed her was a little ribbon shop. Don't you agree?"

"Dinah," I said, amazed, "I——"

"But Mary's so proud," said Dinah. "I knew she'd never take the money for it, if she thought it came from Forbes. So I just told her I had some business in Marseilles and that, if she'd just go ashore and wait for me at the nearest hotel to the Hôtel du Monde, I'd call for her in the evening with my London solicitor, who was meeting me here—I meant you, of course, Bunny—and who'd easily arrange for some money for the ribbon shop, and then we'd all go on to London together by train.

"Bunny, do you think Forbes's fifteen hundred will be enough for a little ribbon shop?"

"Dinah," I said, with a thickness in my throat, "I don't know anything about ribbon shops. But, Dinah, don't you realize? If you *had* been alone, in Marseilles—with that man Galley."

"But I wasn't alone, Bunny," she said. "I knew I could count on *you*—my brother's friend, A. J.'s friend! I knew I had *you* to protect me."

She was so close. I breathed the fern fragrance of her perfume. With my arm about her, my clumsy fingers touched the velvet of the little bow at her nape. The dim light filtering through the slats of the shutters made a pallor of her face. Her eyes shone like stars. Her lips, so close to mine, were smiling.

"One of the protected ones," she whispered. "A gipsy girl called me that, Bunny. And it's so *true*." I felt her cool fingers cup my hot cheek for an instant, light as moths. "So very true, my dear friend—Bunny," she breathed.

Then in a flash, to my bewilderment, she thrust me from her, and from the belt at her waist plucked out the key of the handcuffs. In a moment, she had them unlocked, and was all in a bustle for us to collect Mary and leave Marseilles at once, this very night, on the train for Paris.

STILL dazed by what had happened, I went to the door and called the porter to help with the portmanteaux. A minute or so later Dinah and I were on our way to pick up Mary.

Dinah reached across to me in the shadowy interior of the vehicle. She tucked an envelope into my wallet-pocket and gave the pocket a little pat.

"Of course, it must be *you* who produces the money when we've helped Mary find her little ribbon shop," she said. "I want *you* to be banker, Bunny. I want always to have *you* to guide me and advise me and think for me and protect me, just as A. J. said you would, and as you've already done so wonderfully. And, Bunny——"

"Yes, Dinah?" I asked.

We had stopped outside Mary's hotel. "Do you think that perhaps we'd better not tell my brother anything about all this? A. J. mightn't understand, perhaps."

"Well, now, Dinah," I said slowly, "as to that, do you know—I really think he might."

As I walked down the gaslit street of this enigmatic city of Marseilles and walked into the hotel to collect Miss Moore, I was thinking deeply of the responsibility on my hands in the months ahead. A. J. would be far away playing cricket in Australia, but, occupying his familiar rooms in the Albany, there would be another Raffles—the female of the species. THE END

Riders of the Great Glen range

Continued from page 23

had a thousand tons of silage to spare. We sold it at a profit."

Hobbs is not alone in bringing back cattle to the Highlands on the grand scale.

Among others, Lord Lovat has several hundred head on his estate at Beauly. But Hobbs is the only rancher. His herd stays on the range all the year round. The other breeders take their stock on to low-lying protected pasture in the winter. "On a farm," says Hobbs, "you do the work. On a ranch, Nature does it."

Hobbs employs twelve cowhands—four of them full-time—to protect his cattle. Most of the men are crofters who were happy to accept his offer of employment when he bought their townships.

Every day, they tour the ranch, and seek out sick and injured animals. In winter they count the cattle, and stock the shelters with silage. Some of these inspections cover seventeen miles.

In 1951, some of Hobbs's cowhands and other estate workers found themselves unexpectedly the tenants of new houses. The boss had been accepting a challenge again. ne night, at his castle on the ranch, Hobbs and his present estate manager, Charles Palmer, got into an argument with Hector McNeil, the Secretary of State for Scotland in the last Labour government, about the housing problem.

"When I was in Canada," said Hobbs, "we built Scandinavian houses in a day. Why doesn't the government here do something like that?"

McNeil doubted whether a house could be built in a day.

Without more ado, Hobbs sailed his motor yacht to Norway, Denmark and Sweden, then returned home to apply for building permits for ten houses. They were quickly forthcoming. Soon, the ten houses arrived. Hobbs and his men erected them in ten days. "The government didn't follow our example, but at least we convinced Hector McNeil."

Fences split the Great Glen range into five roughly equal parts, a system adopted on most American ranches nowadays to achieve more efficient breeding.

Hobbs has a strict buying-and-selling policy with his breeding cows. The average cow has a breeding life of ten years in which she can produce nine calves.

"I replace all my cattle after the seventh calf," he says. "If I'm lucky, I can then get what I gave for the beast initially. We're replacing eighty-five this year."

Hobbs's unique experience at the Great Glen Ranch earned him a place in 1951 on a government commission appointed to stimulate the more rapid expansion of cattle breeding in the Highlands. At the final private meeting last year, he created a mild sensation by refusing to sign the report to the Minister. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the chairman, pointed out to him in vain the merits of a unanimous verdict.

Eventually, Hobbs agreed to sign, subject to a note of reservation. He wanted to say that the report did not go far enough in making positive and practical suggestions. "This," he said, "was after all the purpose for which we were appointed."

He wanted to make ten recommendations of his own. Lord Balfour and his eight other colleagues had to accept the note. When the government received the report in June this year, it bore what had become known unofficially as Joseph Hobbs's ten commandments.

JOSEPH WILLIAM HOBBS, born on a Hampshire farm in 1891, emigrated with his parents to Canada at the age of nine. In the first World War he served in the Royal Canadian Navy and the Royal Naval Air Service, then returned to Canada to start an immensely profitable career in banking and stockbroking.

He returned to Britain in 1934 and entered the whisky distilling business. Eventually he had a controlling interest in seven distilleries. Today, he retains only one of them, the Ben Nevis Distillery at Fort William.

Hobbs says: "I knew I could make ranching in the Highlands pay. I knew that the land was potentially much better than that used for ranching at the foot of the Canadian Rockies. Though taxes are high here, at least the Scottish hill farmer gets something for his money. He gets grants covering half of his development costs and subsidies of £10 a year for every breeding cow wintering on the hills and £8 for every calf.

"If the Scots could produce cattle by the tens of thousands in the 1700s, surely they should be able to do twice as well now with all these benefits. I believe that the Highlands are full of potential beef bowls like Great Glen."

Hobbs's work in the cause of cattle breeding and the prosperity of the Western Highlands has not gone unrewarded. Some time ago, Fort William bestowed upon him the freedom of the town "in recognition of his pioneering achievements in industry, agriculture and stockbreeding, unprecedented in the history of local economy. . . ."

One of Hobbs's achievements on the land benefited the citizens of Fort William. For years the town's public park had flooded after a heavy rainfall or snow thaw. Several investigations and attempts to stop the nuisance ended in failure. One day, Hobbs heard about the problem. After a rainstorm, he and his estate manager inspected the park.

They found that the floods came from a burn on a nearby hill: the water wept through the soil into the park.

At his own expense and with his own employees, Hobbs dug a ditch across the back of the park. The floods stopped. The ditch carried the water away. Joseph Hobbs had overcome yet another challenge. THE END

Suck a delicious MURRAYMINT flavoured (ever so discreetly) with a hint of mint. MURRAYMINTS have a taste you never tire of. They're mellow, refreshing and very long lasting. Everybody loves MURRAYMINTS so always keep some handy.

Murraymints

the too-good-to-hurry mints

–with a delicious hint of mint!

How to spring a surprise gift

–and be sure of success

–give a Rug this Christmas

There are only two things you need know the type of pattern wanted and the predominant colour. With a little prompting, you'll get *all* the information you need! When you go to buy, look for the label shown below. This means it's a British Rug, made by a member of the Federation of British Carpet Manufacturers.

Note to wives: This advertisement left lying around . . . a subtle hint or two . . . and you'll get your "surprise" at Christmas!

FOR BEST VALUE – BUY A

BRITISH RUG

THAT CARRIES THIS LABEL

BEST OF ALL – BUY AN ALL-WOOL RUG

Action station on the A.1

Continued from page 25

at high speed. He has never been traced.

Then there was the driver of an old, high-powered American car which limped in after an accident. Simister looked at the car and reported that it was not worth repairing. When the man insisted he pointed out that the job might take months, since parts had to be got from America, and would cost a good deal. "That's all right," said the customer, "just let me know when it's ready." Two months later, Simister did so. The man had moved without leaving an address. Inquiries revealed that he was not the owner of the car and that the man who held the log book had also disappeared. Says Simister: "That old wreck is still in our yard. It's cost us over £100."

Quite often a motorist telephones Simister to say that he is in trouble six or eight miles away; when the breakdown team reaches the spot there is no trace of the man or his car.

"In most cases," says Simister, "he's put the trouble right himself and has just not bothered to let us know."

Many breakdowns are also due to ignorance. One woman called out a team to replace her oil filler cap. A man who telephoned saying that his steering had gone wrong did not know that his car had a telescopic steering column. His knee had merely dislodged a clip.

"These little failings are by no means the preserve of the motoring public," says Simister. "We have them on our own forecourt." Once, a new girl attendant was asked by a regular customer for three gallons of petrol and six shots of additive. Having seen her colleagues walk around to the back of cars with a cylinder container a red liquid, the girl did the same and smartly squirted six shots all along the car's back bumper. Another girl, unfamiliar with a certain make of car, was caught pouring a pint of oil down the air cleaner.

"THE real fascination of working on one of Britain's busiest trunk highways," says Simister, "is that you simply never know what's going to happen next. In fact, sooner or later, every possible kind of mishap must happen when 1,500 to 3,000 cars an hour roll down the same road."

He was recently intrigued by the fact that one of the forecourt attendants sold twice as much oil as her colleagues. He discovered that, when testing with the dipstick for oil, she would say "It's half empty, sir," instead of "It's half full." Simister gave instant orders for the same phraseology to be used by all his staff.

Night attendants, all of whom are men, often have eventful shifts. One recently shared his watch in the small, heated kiosk in the centre of the brilliantly floodlit forecourt with a police inspector watching out for stolen cars. Another was knocked almost unconscious by an argumentative driver, and a third once had trouble with three men returning from a high-spirited party. Finding that they were incapable of driving farther, the attendant invited them into the kiosk, locked the door and called the police.

"It is the never-ending variety of this business which keeps my eyes glued to these hundred yards of the A.1," says Simister. "Quite often I am here far later than I should be. So are most of our men, who live in our own houses just behind the station. You can't help it. You just keep on wondering what's coming next.

"And there is always the odd man out, the chap who somehow brings a ray of sunshine on a dull day." Standing on the forecourt one morning recently, Simister saw a man skilfully drive up in a handsome pony and trap. He gave Simister a cheery good morning, whoaed by the side of the air pump and calmly proceeded to inflate the two tyres on the trap.

"Then," says Simister, "he gave me another wave, and clippety-clopped away. I was very sorry I could not supply him with hay." THE END

Make yourself at home

Each week, JOHN BULL pays five guineas for the best original and practical "do-it-yourself" home hint from a reader. Those selected are illustrated by Stanley Herbert. Send your hints to: "Make Yourself At Home," JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

AS our kitchen boiler is never used during the summer, I made a removable cover which not only improves the appearance of the kitchen, but also serves as a useful table. First I built a frame of 2 in. by 1 in. timber, and hinged it to facilitate storage. With the remaining wood and some hardboard I made a table top which is held in position by dowels inserted into the side framework. I used a fretsaw to cut out a recess for the boiler pipes. The top can be improved by covering with a plastic surface.—*James Russell, Locket Road, Harrow Weald, Middlesex.*

No name on the door

Continued from page 17

canopied with arches and pergolas of artificial flowers and hung with chandelier glass.

A few weeks before, I had walked into Selfridge's office and handed him a slip of paper containing an itemised cost of the show. The total was just over £32,000. He laid it in front of him, checked off each item with his pencil, and looked up.

I drew a deep breath as he continued to stare at me, saying nothing. A whole minute must have passed.

Then he handed the paper back to me and said: "Is this all right, Williams?"

"Yes, Mr. Selfridge."

"Then do it."

I was in his office for less than three minutes.

I knew that the show had to be good. Nothing like it had ever been seen in a London department store before. I moved through the crowd and listened to their exclamations of delight. The staff, with nothing to sell, answered questions and acted as guides to the various attractions, such as the mannequin parades.

At ten o'clock the great crowd streamed out of the store into Oxford Street. The first thing they saw was an angry red sky to the north, glowing fiercely at intervals, like a vast hot coal under the bellows. Soon the news was passed around—Madame Tussaud's was on fire.

I went on to the roof of the store and watched the great blaze. When the dome collapsed, flame shot into the sky and lit up the whole area around Marylebone Road. Below me were masses of people leaving the store and making their way to the fire. Our show couldn't have had a more dramatic climax.

I sought out Selfridge and told him of the fire.

"Go get the Chamber of Horrors for our bargain basement," he said.

I was at the almost gutted building just after dawn broke. I pointed out to a member of the Tussaud family who was on the spot that Gordon Selfridge would be happy to provide space in his store for what remained of the Chamber of Horrors. I pointed out that it would maintain continuity until the burned-out halls were rebuilt. I argued in vain.

One of Selfridge's innovations was the largest possible display of goods on the counter, which not only gave shoppers an opportunity of seeing and handling, without being pressed to buy, but also speeded up service by saving time spent by assistants in fetching and showing goods to customers who were uncertain as to what they really wanted.

But there was another side to it. One London magistrate declared that modern display counters tended to increase crime.

Selfridge had foreseen this difficulty from the first, but it was a subject he avoided in conversation, and I never heard him refer to it even casually.

When the store opened, however, a retired inspector of the Metropolitan Police, who had a wide experience of professional shoplifters, was engaged as chief detective.

Store thieves fall into two main classes—professionals, whose thefts are carefully planned and who work with accomplices; and amateurs, who fall to sudden temptation.

Gordon Selfridge turned a blind eye to this seamy side of the store business, and as far as I know only very serious cases were reported to him. The rest were dealt with by the chief detective, who, following a general policy, took only exceptionally bad cases to court.

Dishonest members of the staff, who had been caught stealing, were generally simply dismissed without the hope of obtaining a good reference. In those days this was quite a heavy punishment.

THE FUTURE—5

If people take no care for the future, they will soon have to sorrow for the present.

Chinese Proverb

I remember one such case at Selfridge's. Stock-takers noticed over a period quite serious deficits in the cutlery department. The chief detective was forced to conclude that an assistant in the department was involved.

One night, a few minutes before the store closed, the detectives blocked the staff exits until every member of the department had been searched. The culprit was exposed. He was wearing a specially made belt, slotted to hold knives, forks and spoons—and he was carrying a full cargo of cutlery out of the store.

Then there was the case of the milk racket.

One of the store detectives was going down to the basement in the service lift which was loaded with milk churns. Idly taking the lid off one, he noticed that the churn contained a considerable quantity of milk. He was puzzled. The churns of milk, he knew, had been taken up to fill those belonging to the store. Why, then, were they not empty?

He returned in the lift—taking back the out-going churns. He took off the lid of one of the store's churns and found it to be full of milk. Then he raised the lid of another churn; it also was full. And so on, until he had examined them all. There was no obvious short measure. He looked into the other churns in the lift; each contained a few gallons of milk.

In a flash the mystery was solved. As he glanced from the store churns to those in the lift, he noticed that the former were smaller than the latter. This would account for the quantity of milk left in the out-going churns.

He reported the matter, and an investigation was made. It was a case of deliberate fraud. Smaller churns had been smuggled into the store by a milk deliverer, with the collusion of members of the staff. The racket had been going on for a long time, and it must have yielded pretty pickings.

The worst case that came under my notice was raised by a police friend, who asked me if goods stolen from the store could be positively identified. We had a warehouse in the Paddington area where tea was blended. The detective said: "There's too much cheap tea in Paddington."

He was right. After investigation it was found that three of our employees were smuggling chests of tea to a local "fence's" dump. Information obtained from this raid by the police struck a heavy blow at professional thieves operating in the West End and reduced losses at the store.

But the professionals were sharp. The tussle between them and the detectives was not without humour. One of their tricks was to pretend to steal and then turn the tables on the accusers, threatening legal action for defamation of character after they had been searched and nothing had been found on them.

Once the chief detective saw a well-known professional woman shop-lifter in Oxford Street, some distance from the store, and followed her in. She stole some articles and was ultimately charged at the police station.

The woman assumed an innocent pose and denied everything. She declared that she had never been in the store. But when the detective insisted that he had followed her down Oxford Street without being observed, she gave herself away as a professional. Trying to beat him over the head with her umbrella, she snapped: "The man's a liar! Nobody could follow me without my knowing it!" Her professional pride was outraged.

The police found the stolen articles

on her. She concealed them in bloomers which were tight below the knees and fitted round the waist with an elastic band, as did her skirt. The trick was to pull both the skirt and the bloomers open and drop the stolen goods between them and her waist.

There were other and cruder forms of concealment. One day a store detective hid himself in a narrow wardrobe behind sliding doors, which were not quite closed, from where he could observe what was happening along the dress rails—a favourite field of operations for professional thieves. The rails stood in rows, one behind another. From time to time an assistant would appear and display a dress to a shopper. Occasionally a customer would stroll around to look at the dresses.

The detective stood in his uncomfortable position for over an hour. Although there was no one in sight, he saw a movement among dresses three or four rows behind the first rails. Then he caught sight of a head and followed its movements until a body appeared. It belonged to a short, stout and apparently crippled woman. She stumbled forward awkwardly—perhaps painfully—a yard at a time towards the nearest exit.

The detective caught her just as she stepped outside. He moved round quickly and barred her progress towards another woman, obviously an accomplice, who was waiting for her.

There was no need to search the "cripple." As she stood there, indignantly ordering the detective to get out of her way, five silk dresses began to fall from between her legs to her feet. The woman who had been waiting to relieve her of some of the goods fled, leaving the thief to be taken upstairs to the detectives' room for explanations.

Not all the purloiners of goods were culpable. There was a titled lady, for instance, who took four pairs of silk stockings outside a door of the store in order to judge their shades in daylight. Then she apparently had a mental blackout of some kind, and proceeded to walk to her house in Grosvenor Square with the stockings over her arm.

She did not become aware of them until she noticed the look of surprise on her footman's face as he opened the door to admit her. Following his glance, she saw the stockings and at once remembered taking them out of the store to examine them in daylight.

She telephoned immediately and reported the matter, and the stockings were returned. The store detectives, I may say, did not appreciate the incident as they might have done, since it had called their vigilance into question.

GORDON SELFRIDGE might avert his eyes from the types who came to the store to steal, but they were always focused on the varied procession of women whom he had taught to shop for pleasure. He made and lost millions of pounds, but I am sure that money meant less to him than the human spectacle of the store, which he surveyed daily during his tours of inspection.

For many years he had walked through the store, often accompanied by distinguished friends on whom he would spring surprises and then pretend that they were in the normal order of things.

One of his innovations was the electric newspaper: in Oxford Street he installed the first to be seen in the world. It proved of great publicity value. People from all over the world came to us and asked us how it was done.

Two of Selfridge's closest friends were the late Sir Thomas Lipton and the late Lord Dewar. They were the only intimates to whom I heard him apply nicknames. Lipton was "Tea Tom," Dewar "Whisky Tom."

The robust, sporting Lipton was a regular visitor to the store. He would make his way up to Selfridge's office and remain there for long periods: that was enough to prove Selfridge's liking for him.

Lipton walked around the store with Selfridge soon after the electric newspaper had been installed, and Selfridge drew his friend's attention to it.

"This is rather a novelty, Tommy," he said. Lipton watched the news items flash by for a few seconds. Then suddenly his own name appeared in a message which ran: "Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge and the staff are proud to welcome Sir Thomas Lipton."

Selfridge had, of course, arranged for the message to be relayed, timed to the second when he and Lipton arrived in front of the electric newspaper; but Lipton was duly impressed.

Selfridge resorted to many devices in dealing with his directors and executives. One that never failed to carry a sense of urgency was his habit of enclosing all messages from himself in envelopes identical to those used by post offices to hold telegrams. So far as I was concerned the trick never failed to work.

They were the first envelopes I opened when I was going through my correspondence.

On the question of giving or accepting money for special favours, Selfridge was adamant. He regarded it as bad business, even if the motives behind it were beyond question.

I was once approached by a famous firm who had recently entered the radio business, which was then in its early days. Through me they offered the company £3,000 to spend as we liked, in return for a special display in our appropriate department.

It seemed to me to be a tempting offer, so I laid it before Selfridge. His answer was sharp and final. "Not on your life, Williams. It would bring business this year to the department, undoubtedly. But that's the trouble. What about next year? Are we prepared to spend our own money for a further boost from that point? That's the problem."

I should explain that Selfridge's progress policy took one year's figures as a point of departure for the next year. Any artificial boosting of sales in a department would put it at a disadvantage in the following year's progress report.

"There's another matter, Williams. We will turn down all such offers, now and in the future, and continue to carry out my policy of spending our own money as we think fit. If we did this sort of thing we should eventually discover that someone else was running the business. We should soon have them demanding the right to dress our windows to suit themselves."

The Oxford Street windows were outward symbols of his power. There was one window, however, which he prized above all others in the store, and it was, in fact, one of the best-known windows in London among celebrities who had signed their names on it with a commercial diamond let in to the end of a pencil. Selfridge was proud of it and very selective as to whom he invited to sign it. Scratched on its surface were the names of hundreds of famous persons, from royalty to sportsmen, cabinet ministers to artists, millionaires to scientists.

ONE day I asked Selfridge if he would like the signature of the gigantic boxer, Primo Carnera, who was then in London for a fight. When the nearly seven-foot Italian entered the office, Selfridge looked up at him astonished. Then, handing him the diamond-tipped pencil, he said: "Sign as high up as you can reach."

Primo signed at full stretch—a yard or more above any of the other signatures.

"Your name will always be at the top of these other famous people," Selfridge told Carnera as we left.

He was wrong. A few weeks later the Texan Giant descended on London. He was more than a foot taller than Carnera, and he signed his name higher and so became first on the list. And he held the record to the end.

By the time the German blitz hit London in the second World War, Selfridge had left the store. By oversight or indifference, the window was not removed, and it was blown to fragments by a bomb. Many attempts to photograph it had been made without success, so that no record of it now exists.

A merchant prince, such as Gordon Selfridge became in the last ten years of his active life in Oxford Street, assumes the purple by right of achievement. Less than twenty years after the opening of the eastern wing of the store, the magnificent building had been completed in its present form. Gigantic in conception and size, it stands as the monument to a merchandising genius.

"Luck" is another word like "genius." Selfridge accepted the latter, but would have nothing to do with the former in business. His approval of it was strictly confined to the French casinos, where he staked fortunes on it.

"Luck is a fool," he used to say. "Pluck is a hero."

Such luck as he had in business—and successful men generally have a rich share of it—accompanied unrelaxing effort. He never waited for it, he made it; and sometimes it would come with a rush and bring quite unexpected results for business.

NEXT WEEK: Gordon Selfridge squanders £2 million in eight years

"No Name On The Door," by A. H. Williams, is published by W. H. Allen & Co. at 18s.

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

Loyal Sir Edmund fought to the death for a cause which was against his conscience

SIR EDMUND VERNEY, of Claydon, found himself torn between principle and loyalty. He firmly believed in the justice of Parliament's cause during the Civil War. But, as Knight-Marshal to Charles I, he would not abandon the King.

"I have eaten his bread," he wrote, "served him for near thirty years, and I will not do so base a thing as to forsake him, but choose rather to lose my life (which I am sure I shall do) to preserve and defend those things which are against my conscience to preserve and defend."

At Edgehill Sir Edmund bore the King's Standard in the thick of the battle. He fought like a tiger and was hacked to pieces. Nothing of him was afterwards recovered but his hand still firmly grasping the Royal Standard and wearing a ring which contained a miniature of the King.

Sir Edmund's son, Ralph, was expelled from Parliament and deprived of Claydon. He was imprisoned, his brother was killed fighting against Cromwell in Ireland, and his mother died of a broken heart.

Sir Edmund's half-brother, Sir Francis, was self-willed and adventuresome. He decided, quite simply, to become a pirate. With a friend he fitted out a privateering fleet, sailed to Algiers and preyed on Spanish and English vessels indiscriminately. He was captured, spent two years as a galley slave and died in the public hospital at Messina, Sicily.

Ralph, second Earl Verney, succeeded to Claydon in 1752 and proceeded to dissipate his wealth with prodigious haste. His coach was always attended by an orchestra of blackamoors: two especially colossal Negroes rode beside him, playing upon silver French horns. He thoroughly overspent himself in rebuilding the house—now owned by the National Trust—which he decorated in the ornate and sumptuous Rococo style.

Finally the long-delayed crash came, and Lord Verney hurriedly left the country to avoid imprisonment for debt. Before his death in 1791 he returned to England in secret. One day a stable boy, looking through the cobwebbed windows of the house, saw his disconsolate master wandering through the derelict halls of his own creation.

Half of the second Earl's buildings were pulled down. But enough of Claydon remains to justify its claim to be the most richly decorated house of the eighteenth century in the country.

How to get there: Claydon House is at Claydon Village, 13 miles from Aylesbury, Bucks.

Open: May 1 (subject to repairs being completed) to September 30, daily except Monday, but Bank Holiday Mondays, 2 till 6.

CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS by winning 'BULLETS' £1,500

Finest prizes of 1956 this week— and unlimited Christmas Gifts as well!

Most meritorious of the "£300 plus–" First Prize "Bullets" in Contests 2,067 to 2,072 wins £1,500 cash–the First Prize cheque with Tournament Award added.

£300 plus £50 Treasure Chest, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £3, 50s. 49s. 48s. 47s. 46s. 45s. 44s. 43s. 42s. 41s. 40s. 39s. 38s. 37s. 36s. 35s. 34s. 33s. 32s. 31s. 30s. 29s. 28s. 27s. 26s. 5 of 25s. 50 of 20s. 1,500 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES

UNLIMITED 3-in-1 GIFTS see below

THIS WAY TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Task For 1957	Like One Of The Family
The Earth We Live On	Irresistible
Ringmaster Eden	With A Frosty Smile
Trouble In The Camp	Her Resolution
Today's Need	That January Feeling
Food For The Hungry	Midst Snow And Ice
Calder Hall	In Joe's Café
Dispute After Dispute	Without Money
Surprise For The Duke	The Foreman's Headache
Fog Of Ignorance	If Kissing Were A Crime

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Year Of.....	Takes Some.....
Spare.....A Thought And	When.....Came In
Picture.....Painted	.....Cup Of Tea

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated January 12), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, December 22, for early news of *Bullets* No. 2,068 result.)

POST ENTRY : "Bullets" 2,068, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

FREE CHRISTMAS GIFT

TO qualify for 3-in-1 Xmas Presentation, enclose this Label (stamped 2½d. for postage) with 5 or more *Bullets* for Competition 2,068. *(Not more than one Gift allowed per entrant)*

XMAS GIFT LABEL

YOU MUST AFFIX 2½d. STAMP HERE for POSTAGE

Name.....

Address.....

.....

100 CHEQUES and up to twenty GIANT £10 HAMPERS

—just like that being unpacked on right by Miss V. L. Bowra, a previous £10 Hamper winner

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" No. 2,063

FIRST PRIZE, £300 (or £1,500 if Tournament winner) plus £44 Surprise Presentation: Lieut. (L.) G. Parker, 39 Gill Park, Efford, Plymouth:

Cost Country A Packet—Pills? Nothing To "Powder"!

£25: B. Holliday, 1 Hakon Road, Thurso, Caithness: EDEN V. GAITSKELL—"DEMOCRACY" HUNGARY'S *Fighting* FOR! £10: Miss P. Davies, 42 Wylde Green Road, Sutton Coldfield: A FADED FLOWER—IN "TIGHT FIST"—LOVE.

OTHER AWARDS: £9: J. P. Brandon, 28 Woodstock Avenue, Grangetown, Sunderland: FOR PARTY'S SAKE—PETTINESS? FOR PITY'S SAKE—! £8: D. J. Swift, 110 Johnson Street, St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada: SWEPT AWAY—TOWERS, ATOLLS, SCRUPLES—*Peoples?* £7: Mrs. A. Barratt, Flat 3, Cuckfield House, Cuckfield, Haywards Heath: CONSTABLE JOHN—BUT "LOT *Not* HAPPY"! £6: Mrs. L. George, 29 Myrtle Road, St. Thomas, Exeter: BILLS, BILLS, BILLS—"ADVERTISING" *World's* "CRAZY ACTS"! £5: B. Butts, 8 Station Lane, Wingate, Co. Durham: AFRAID TO LOOK—AHEAD? WHAT A "PROSPECT"! £5: Miss G. Parkinson, 20 Back Commons, Clitheroe: IF TRIER CAN GET IT—*You* CAN—*Got It?* £5: F. S. Stephens, 134 Foxgloves Crescent, South Ockendon, Romford: IF DAD CAN GET IT—GOING, *Petrol* PROBABLY STOPPED!

For ten winners of £3 see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 25 Prizes of £2 and 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

(Tournament winner will be announced in earliest possible JOHN BULL.)

WIN £1,500 WITH THIS COUPON

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

ADD FURTHER "BULLET" WITHOUT FEE as special Privilege if you enter six *Bullets* above.

EX. ..... FREE

B.

£10 HAMPERS

Containing Norfolk Turkey, Christmas Pudding, Iced Christmas Cake, Peaches, Box of Assorted Biscuits, Chocolates, Crystallized Fruit, Dessert Dates, Apples and Nuts, Cream, Cheese, Crackers, Cigarettes, fine old Port, Bottle of Champagne, etc. Presented with each prize of £3 or over if won with *Bullet* which was one of five or more efforts on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,068 CLOSING POSTMARK MON., DECEMBER 10

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

843

GET YOUR BULLETIN

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for the latest available issue of the *"Bullets" Bulletin* — your guide to success.

R&W

EXPANSION WATCH BRACELETS WITHOUT CENTRE-CLASP

Fixoflex

PAT. No. 697592

for Men and Women

MADE IN ROLLED GOLD OR STAINLESS STEEL THROUGHOUT.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL JEWELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS.

All my world had black edges then my depression disappeared thanks to

DCL YEAST TABLETS VITAMIN B1

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

50 tablets 2/3 • 100 tablets 3/9 CPM 1/56

A HEALTH AND BEAUTY HINT

A Special Word to Women

If women only knew how careful they ought to be if they want to keep well and healthy and retain their looks, how much better they would be.

That's why all women ought to know about the Juno-Junipah which more and more women are using every day.

Juno-Junipah is different from ordinary salts. It contains pure oil of Juniper. And it is gentle. It clears away, without any drastic purging, impurities from a woman's system. It keeps her complexion clear and fresh and helps to ward off Sick Headaches, Bilious Attacks and Rheumatic troubles like Lumbago and Sciatica.

Just try Juno-Junipah! You'll be surprised how soon you begin to feel better and look better, too. Your aches and pains will be relieved, your complexion and looks will improve, and you'll look and feel years younger.

If you prefer, the Juno-Junipah formula has been adapted to make pleasant little tablets. Ask your chemist for them.

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They've found it!

EF.1
This luminous travel clock is always a popular gift. Ecrase leather case. Variety of colours. £2.6.6.

Y.364
Distinctive 5 jewel Smiths 'Empire.' Gilt anodised case, raised brass chaplets. £3.18.0.

Y.369
Another extremely attractive 5 jewel Smiths 'Empire' Gilt anodised case. £4.1.0.

Y.114
A boy's delight! Smiths 'Empire' pocket watch in chromium plated case. £1.10.0

REVEILLE
The alarm of the year, and only a guinea; non-luminous in ivory, Alice blue, or Marian green case. Fully luminous with black or silver-grey dial. 23/11.

As always, Smiths Clocks and Watches offer the ideal solution to everybody's Christmas present problem

CONWAY
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